

THE

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WHIGGS

Supplication,

OR, THE

Scotch-Hudibras,

A

MOCK-POEM.

In Two PARTS.

By SAM. COLVIL.

LONDON:

Printed for James Woodward, in St.
Christophers Church-Yard, in Thread-
needle-street, and John Baker, at the
Black Boy in Pater-Noster-Row, 1710.

THE

WHIGS

Supplication



43.

MOCK-ROEM

339.

Two PARTS

BY SAM. JOHNSON

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Printed for James Woodman, in St. Christopher's Church-Lane, in the
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Black Boy in Pall-mall-Row, 1755.



THE

AUTHORS

A P O L O G Y to the

READER.

Christian Reader,

Verses are like Ladies Faces, good or bad, as they are fancied (saith Don Quixot) and Mock Poems, which bite not, are like Eggs eaten without Salt (saith another of the same Metal) that is, whose Tongue was a great deal wiser than his Head.

In these following Lines, I am severer to none than to my self: And therefore I may be excused if I tell in Rhime, how some used me in Prose; I speak truth which is expedient to be known, and therefore no Lawyer will averr I transgress the Law.

With all the World beside, I am like a blind man, dealing blowes, not knowing

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whom I hit: If any shall challenge me that I touch them, I will answer, that I knew not so much before they informed me, as answered that famous Satyrist to a Noble Roman, who expostulated with him, for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many ways wronged: And first, by Transcribers, who stealing Copies of my Lines, have transmitted them every where, like Pictures on the wrong side of Arras Hangings, spoiled with Thrumbs and Threeds, or like Faces disfigured by the Pox, great or small, as ye please: Or like Sermons repeated by Children and Serving Maids in a Presbyterian Family-Exercise; Or, like one of Bishop Andrews Sermons, repitched the other day by an Expectant, in his Episcopal Trial for the Ministry.

I am, Secondly, wronged by false Copies, and that by men either malicious to bring me to trouble, or ignorant, not apprehending my scope, who instead of mending my Lines, have marred them all. And who striving to pull me out of the Mire, have thrown me into the Well.

Thirdly, I am most of all wrong'd by the late Dutch War, which occasioned the bringing

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bringing in of such Superfluity of Brandy, which entering the brain of some of the worshippers of Bacchus, has there batched Glosses of my Lines, like that of Orleans, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy Interpreters may be compared to Children espying shapes and figures in the fire; Or to those who are giddy with drink, imagining apparitions in the Clouds: or to old Wives Commenting on Merlins or Rymers Prophecies; Or to bad Divines expounding the Revelation, who obtrude groundless fancies upon the ignorant multitude, for Evangelical truths.

If those Gentlemen hit my meaning, any censure is too little for me; If not, no punishment is too great for them: And that for two reasons.

First, because they apply Passages of my Lines to Men of Honour, of whom (God is my witness) I did not dream. Secondly, because they make the World believe I am biting those whose wounds I am licking, given by the biting of other Dogs.

These things considered, it is easie to answer all which is objected against me. And first, some of the Society of Gotham Colledge had an intention to burn my Lines,

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because I bring in Whiggs speaking too boldly in the Supplication, and elsewhere. But I answer, If those Gentlemen speak as they think, I commend their zeal, but not their wisdom; And who ever shall take the pains to burn them for Witches, will lose both Coals and Labour. I demand of them, if one should pen a Play of the Powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason? or who will tax the Psalmist of Atheism, for averring, The fool hath said in his Heart, There is not a GOD! All not meer ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Atheists Blasphemy; And why may not I, a Poetaster, or Poets Ape, bring in fools speaking foolishly, and wise men wisely, and yet be neither a wise man nor a fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd man, or else nothing. And in effect some call me a mix'd man, others nothing.

They object, Secondly, that without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Subjects, in exacting
five

To the Reader.

five Crowns for every Copy, which may be called treason.

But I answer, since I charge them not with distraining to make payment, the worst they can call it is but begging, which it is not, but a nameless Contract, Do ut des. And at first I did not dream of taking money for those Lines, until some known bitter enemies to the Presbyterians enforced each of them five Crowns on me for a Copy: they told me, I might as well take Money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for Prose, and Physicians for nothing, and worse than nothing; Some Pleadings, Sermons, and Cures (it is true) deserve Money a great deal better than my Lines: But it is as true, that some of all three deserves it worse; If my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Estates of any.

Secondly, I demand Money of no Man, yea, I refuse it when it is offered, not in jest, until they make it appear they offer it in earnest, which they do many ways; some throw Money on the Ground, some on the Table; Some tell they'l

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they't have none of my Lines, except I take their Money; Some say I undervalue them, when I refuse their Money; Some say, they are abler to give me money, than I am to want it; some bid Devil brake their Neck if I take not their Money: Some bid God damn them if I take not their Money; yea, I can instruct, that a Sea-Captain offered to strike off my head with a Shable, if I refus'd his Money: but the more moderate put Money secretly in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep unbuttoned of purpose. Mistake me not, Reader, I am not instructing how Money should be offered, but how it should not be offered, lest I take it.

Thirdly, that I am not covetous, appears by my vowing to take no Money from Ministers and Ladies; but they say, I take Gold. But I answer, they eluded my vow by equivocation, putting Gold privily in the Neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and I following to restore it, stumbled. They instance I stumbled of purpose, that I might not reach them: But they are still mistaken, for a Lady having used me so, I followed her to her Chamber,

To the Reader.

Chamber, and when I endeavoured to return her Gold to her pocket, her Maid (mistaking my meaning) thinking perhaps I was searching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of incivility; So I was necessitate either to keep her Gold, or else be thought uncivil to a Lady: Let any indifferent Man judge which was the least of the two evils. However, Reader, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in earnest. It dazzleth the Eyes of the Wise, and therefore no marvel it blind those of a Fool.

The third Objection against me is, that some affirm I am a bad Poet. But I answer, that nothing can more offend a Poet and a Fidler, than telling them they want skill: if in effect they be unskilful, as I am; And therefore no marvel if I reply in a fury that it is most true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious liars in averring it, because they do so out of Malice, not knowing whether they speak true or false. All the World knows they never made a greater progress in Poesie than the making of an Ale-house Roundelay, and that a bad one. It were base in me to

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upbraid them with want of skill in their own professions, in which they boast they have such insight; As one of them, a Physician, took the piss of a Stone-horse for that of a Woman with Child: Another, a Mineralist, laid a wager of ten Crowns, a piece of Brimstone was a piece of Silver: A Third, a Palmester, when a Boy in Girls apparel was brought in to him to have his hand viewed, superciliously pronounced, the Girl would have three Husbands, bring forth nine Children, and die of the tenth. It were most base in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except some will list them to be Tasters of Drink: Neither are they fit for that but in the Morning, for in the Afternoon many times they are in the Category of Plants, that is without sense and reason, having the use of no Soul but the Vegetative. I could instance other things of that nature, but I forbear, lest the persons be discovered.

Secondly, to be a bad Poet may well be a shame, it is no sin; Neither is it a shame for me in this first essay, where my only design is to make men laugh, and not to vex them: But bad Lines ma-

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many times cause more Mirth than good ones. Where one laughs at the Poems of Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c. Twenty will laugh at those of John Cockburn, or Mr. Zachary Boyd. What Hypochondriac, would not presently be cured at the reading of those Lines;

There was a Man called Job
Dwelt in the Land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the Gob,
The same case happen us.

Or of those.

Absolom hang'd on a Tree,
Crying GOD's Mercy:
Then Joab came in, angry was he,
And put a Spear in his Arsie.

Or of those of John Cockburn.

Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to Sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a man of great Esteem,
His Mother got him in a Dream,
At Entree on a Girdle.

For

The Author's Apology, &c.

For my part, if I were a great Man,
I would sooner give Gold for such Lines,
than Copper for all the Heroick Oracles,
of Seneca's Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them
impart it to me: And if I cannot excuse
myself in reason, I am willing to satisfy the
Law. I think it very strange that some
Grave and Reverend Men, should so
wrong their Conscience to traduce me, since
without hurting their Conscience they may
speak so much evil of me, and not lie, as
I may likewise do of them.

In the end I give the Argument of a
Second Part, which will prove as harm-
less as a Squirrel without Teeth, except
some shall be pleased to call Ears Horns.

Farewell,

SAM. COLVIL.

Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a man of great Esteem,
His Mother got him in a Dream,
Whigg on a Girdle.

WHIGGS SUPPLICATION,

A Mock - Poem.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER invoking of the Muse,
As many learned Poets use :
Next is describ'd the time of year
When Whiggs in Armour did appear,
The Good-man's Person, and his Weed,
His Armour, Lady, Squire, and Steed,
Dog, and Pidgeon, and his Mind
All Allegories, where ye find

B

Cloathed

Cloathed with many a senseless Word,
 Mysterious things, not with a T—d;
 As said one in a reverend Coat,
 Or else he understood them not.
 As lately, when he Scripture-vext,
 He forc'd was to say off his Text:
 And then ye have a Supplication
 Greatly misconstrued of the Nation.
 At first they dispute how to mend it;
 And then advise by whom to send it:
 Where *Knight* and *Squire* each other thump,
 As did *De Ruyter* and *Van Trump*.

Whoever thou art, Muse, who dost make
 By force of Brandy, Ale, and Sack,
 Some who both words and matter want,
 Admired of the ignorant;
 In whom sagacious Noses snuff;
 Nought worth but plagiary stuff,
 By which they purchase Praise and Money,
 When Bees have toil'd, Drones eat the Honey.
 Inspire me with Poetick Fury,
 That I may likewise Favour Curry.

With

With all Men to augment my Pack,
 By making Lines not worth a * Plack :
 Some of Eight Syllabs, some of ten,
 Some borrowed from other Men ;
 As *Cleveland*, *Don*, or † *Tass* Divine,
 Some ill translated from ‖ *Marine* ;
 Some *Oedipus* cannot unriddle,
 Some sounding like a blind Man's Fiddle,
 Observing neither Tune nor Time,
 Some Nonsense to make up the Rhime.
 Though I speak true, or false, no matter,
 If I traduce, some others flatter.
 So sundry Men were us'd of late,
 As they were on or off the State.
 Grant that I may curb all Backbiters,
 Of Surplice, High-sleev'd Gowns, and Mitres.

* Plack, One Third Part of a Penny.

† Tass, the famous Torquato Tasso, an Italian Poet, Born at Sorrento, in Naples : His Works are, *Jerusalem deliver'd* ; and *Amir-
tas*, a Pastoral Comedy : He Died 1595, being about to receive the Degree of a Poet Laureat.

‖ Marine, John Baptista Marini, a famous Poet, born at Naples about the middle of the 16th Century.

And Church-governing Paradoxes,
 Of Calvin's Followers, and *Knoxes*.
 In mystick allegorick Tone,
 Scarce understood by any one.
 Grant me to scold, revile and prat,
 Shame fall me, if my self knows what.
 When Rhime bursts out from Breast inrag'd;
 Like T — ds from Puddings overcharg'd;
 Some galling, other some to Laughter
 Moving, like Parrot when it's taught her.
 Hoping my Prayer thou wilt hear,
 O Muse ! Have at the time of Year;
 When Whiggs from lurking Holes did fall,
 And in the open Fields did rally.

It was about the time when Oysters
 Abound so with venereous Moistures.
 That they are used Even and Morn
 By those that do their Neighbour horn;
 Which doth their Prices so enhance
 At England's Court, and that of France,
 That Oyster-Wives have Money ready
 To make their Daughter sometime Lady;

As doth appear by one of late
 Whose Son-in-Law bore sway in State.
 When Snow makes † Dykes and Mountains
 When folks by Physick seldom shite, (white,
 Except there be some Pocky Reason;
 When Mutton weareth out of season;
 Instead of which at every Meal,
 When Men eat roasted Hens and Veal.
 And those at *Forib* eat * *Garvie* Fishes,
 Then fittest to be serv'd in Dishes;
 Which to the Pallat pleasing proves,
 Like *Adriatick* Gulph Anchoves.
 When that the Black Bird hoarsly whistles,
 When Trouts and *Abercorn* Muscles
 Are stark naught; when that the Swallow
 Lyes sleeping in her own Tallow,
 Within some sub-terranean Hole;
 When under the Antarctic Pole
 There is no Night, under our other,

A Man cannot discern his Brother,

† Dykes, Walls.

* *Garvie* Fishes, *Sprats*.

It is so dark; when Summers Heats
 Scorches the *Magellaniq*; Straits,
 And burneth up the Corn and Hay
 About the * *Caput bonæ Spei* :
 If that be tedious to remember,
 It was in *Januar*, or *December*,
 When I did see the out-law Whiggs
 Lye scattered up and down the † *Riggs*.
 Some had Hoggers, some Straw Boots,
 Some uncover'd Legs and ‡ *Coots* :
 Some had Halbards, some had § *Durks*,
 Some had crooked Swords like *Turks* :
 Some had Strings, some had Flails
 Knit with Eel and Oxen Tails :
 Some had Spears, some had Pikes,
 Some had Spades which delved Dikes :
 Some had Guns with rusty (a) *Ratches*,
 Some had fiery (b) *Peats* for Matches.

* *Caput bonæ Spei*, the Cape of good Hope.

† *Riggs*, *Ridges*.

‡ *Coots*, *Ankles*.

§ *Durks*, *Daggers*.

(a) *Ratches*, *Fire-locks*. (b) *Peats*, *Turf*.

Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows,
 Some had Pistols without Marrows;
 Some had the Coulter of a Plough:
 Some Sythes had, Men and Horse to* hough:
 And some with a *Lochaber* Axe,
 Resolv'd to give † *Dalzel* his || Paiks.
 Some had Cross-Bows, some were Slingers;
 Some had only Knives and Whingers;
 But most of All, believe who lists,
 Had nought to fight with, but their Fists:
 They had no Colours to display,
 They wanted Order and Array:
 Their Officers and Motion-teachers
 Were very few beside their Preachers:
 Without Horse, or Artillery-pieces,
 They thought to imitate the *Swisses*;
 When from *Navar* they sallied out
 Tremovile and brave *Trivulce* to rout.

* Hough, *Hamstring*.

† *Dalzel*, K. *Charles II.* his General at the
Battle of Pentland Hills in 1666, where the
King's Army was Victorious.

|| His Paiks; i. e. to drub him.

For Martial Musick, every day
 They used oft to sing and pray ;
 Which hearts them more when danger comes,
 Than others Trumpets and their Drums.
 With such Provision as they had,
 They were so stout, or else so mad,
 As to petition once again,
 And if the Issue proved vain,
 They were resolv'd with one Accord,
 To fight the Battles of the Lord.

Upon their Head march'd the Good-man,
 Like Scanderbeg, or Tamerlane.
 Dame Nature strain'd her utmost Care,
 To mould him for a Man of War ;
 A terrible and a dreadful Foe,
 As doth appear from Top to Toe.
 The shape and fashion of his Head,
 Was like a Con, or Pyramid
 Or for to speak in terms more * groff,
 It was just like a Sugar-Loaf:

* Groff, Intelligible.

Or like the Head of *Rob* the Cripple,
 Or like the Spear of *Magdalen* Steeple :
 Or like the bottom of a Tap,
 Or like a furr'd *Muscovia* Cap,
 They who the South-east Countries haunts,
 Affirm such Heads have Turkish Saints ;
 Which as some learned Writers notes,
 Are here with us call'd Idiots.
 Because long Hair the Wit doth dull,
 Nought was between Heaven and his Skull :
 His Ears was long, and stood upright,
 Which did so well become the Knights
 That at some Distance he seem'd horn'd,
 His one Eye was with Pearl adorn'd ;
 His other Eye look'd for a squint,
 That it was hard to ward his Dint :
 From thence down to his Mouth arose
 A Mountain rather than a Nose ;
 Upon which Savage Beasts did feed,
 As Worms, and Selkhorns, which with speed
 Would eat it up, but he begins
 In time to pick them out with Pins.

His Lips were thick, his Mouth was wide,
 His Teeth each other did bestride;
 His Tongue was big, though well he meant
 He was not very eloquent.
 His Beard was long, and red, and thin,
 Making a Ball green on his Chin:
 As Trees do sometime in a Wood,
 Where Horse and Oxen gather Food.
 His Arms were stiff like * Barrow-trams,
 His Hands were hued like † reisted Hams:
 At Finger-ends he never fail'd
 To have the King of Babel's Nails,
 Which sooner than a Knife, by half,
 Will cut the Throat of Sheep or Calf.
 When he, not loving to be idle,
 Turns Cook to any Penny || Bridle.
 They scrap up Works about his Leagure,
 A great deal stronger, and far bigger.

* Barrow-trams, The Poles of a hand-harrow.
 † Reisted Hams, Smoak'd Bacon.
 || Penny Bridle, a Paying Wedding,

Than

Than those made by *Don Pedro Saa*,
 When * *Spinola* besieg'd *Breda*.
 He had a Lump upon his Back,
 Which some took for a Pedlar's Pack :
 But other some did it suppose
 A Bag which kept his Meal for † *Brose*.
 But neither Conjecture was good,
 It was a Lump of Flesh and Blood,
 His Womb flood out an Ell before,
 As far behind his Bumm and more :
 When overcharg'd, it made a Sound,
 Which did like Earthquake shake the ground.
 With which, as Centry, when he sleeps,
 His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps :

* *Spinola* besieg'd *Breda*. This was in 1624
 with 39600 Men : His Entrenchments were
 30600 Paces in Compass : *Spinola* understood
 by Letters of Prince Maurice that were inter-
 cepted, that vast Preparations were making to
 raise the Siege, tho' in the Cold of Winter, he
 rais'd a Trench of 52000 Paces in Compass to
 defend his Camp. The Town was oblig'd to sur-
 render to him on June 5th, 1625.

† *Brose*, Water Gruel.

Which

Which to his Pockets swarm like Bees,
 Finding the Smell of Bread and Cheese,
 Which several times the fainting Knight
 Doth take for Cordials in the Night.
 But when the Beasts do hear the Thunder,
 They'r so amaz'd with Fear and Wonder,
 Immediately run Mice and Rats,
 As fast, as if pursu'd by Cats.

Was never Man in those Dominions,
 About whose Legs were more Opinions.
 First, there are many who avow
 They are like an inverted V.
 And other some do stiffly jangle,
 That they and Thighs make a Quadrangle,
 Some think, that Thighs joyning, they gape,
 In Circular, or Oval Shape.
 And other some are, who avouch
 Them Semi-circles in a Touch,
 And other some, there are who tells,
 They'r Semi-circles paralels.
 But those who on them better look'd,
 Say one was straight, the other crook'd :

Not as in touching they did make
 That famous Angle of Contract,
 Which *Euclid's* Demonstration shows,
 If in their Juncture you put Straws.
 The truth is, they in every thing
 Resemble do a Bow and String.
 The one strait to the other bending,
 Is like a Chord an Arch subtending :
 In which Scheme, if ye draw some Lines,
 Ye may have Secants, Tangents, Signs,
 Which Ale-pot measuring much enables,
 By help of Logarithmick Tables ;
 Which Questions soonest do decide,
 For by Substraction they Divide,
 And Multiplieth by Addition,
 As now doth *Papist* Superstition,
 Which multiplieth every day,
 Having some added to its way.
 Their entry to that Church is fine,
 They Re-baptize them all with Wine,
 Which their Apostles think far better
 To wash away men's Sins, than Water.

Now all's describ'd to Feet and Toes,
 Which I could not see for his Shooes :
 Some say, his Toes, who saw his Feet,
 Resembled an Alphabet,
 Greek, Syriack, or Arabick,
 Or Breviations Stenographick ;
 Which they do counterfeit like Apes,
 With great variety of Shapes.

You may believe it as your Creed :
 Such was his Armour and his Weed ;
 He wore a pair of Pullion Breeches,
 A Yellow Doublet with blew Stitches,
 A long black Cassock over his Arse,
 As he had been the Fool of *Mars* :
 He had on each Leg a * Gramash,
 A Top of Lint for his † Panash,
 Which bravely flourish'd in his Crest,
 A folded Cloak for Back and Breast.

* Gramash, *Spatterdash*.

† Panash, *his Feather*.

A Glove of Plate, which once was worn
By Black Dowglass at * Bannockburn.

For Head-piece, a Cowl lin'd with Iron,
Which did his Temples so environ,
That it would cost a World of Pains
For any to beat out his Brains.

A Blunderbush hang'd at his Back,
Of terrible Report and Crack ;

As have a lower Tire of Guns,
Shot from a Ship of many Tuns.

A Horse he never doth bestride,
Without a Pistol at each side :

And without other two before,
One at either † Saddle Tore.

But now when he hath much ado,
He hath one in each Pocket too.

* Bannockburn, a little Town of Scotland,
within Two Miles of Stirling, where in 1313
in the Reigns of Edward II. of England, and
Robert Bruce of Scotland, the English Army
commanded by Edward was defeated by the Scotch
Army.

† Saddle Tore, Saddle Bow.

A Sword which woundeth deep and wide,
 A Target of a seven-fold Hide :
 A very strange enchanted Lance,
 Whose touch makes Men from Saddle dance :
 As sometimes of old did another,
 Belonging to *Angelique's* Brother,
 And after to the *English* Duke,
 As mentions * *Ariosto's* Book.
 And thus with more Arms he doth ride,
 Than other twenty had beside.
 Whether he gain the day, or † time,
 He never misseth to kill Nine :
 As doth appear to all who reckons
 Justly the number of his Weapons.
 Among ten thousand, all alone,
 With every Weapon he kills one.

Some say, he used to take Lives
 With Whingers, and *Chilmarnock* Knives :

* *Ariosto*, an Italian Poet, Author of the
Orlando Furioso. He Died 1533.

† Time, lose.

But

But he thinks that belongs to Butchers,
 And others, like † *Damata's Coutchers*,
 For when with any he doth swagger,
 He seldom useth Knife or Dagger:
 Except they come in wrestling terms,
 Permitted by the Law of Arms.
 The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
 Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep.

I ask'd at several who he was,
 Some said he was Sir *Hudibras*,
 Deceived by his boulky Paunch:
 Some said *Dan Quixot de la Maunch*,
 Which was more like than was the other,
 In many things he was his Brother.

First, in his Head were many Fancies,
 Bred by the reading of Romances.
 He thought before the day of Doom,
 The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,

* *Damata's Coutchers, Clowns.*

And trample down the Man of Sin,
 He thought the Work he would begin,
 And to the glory of his Nation,
 Accomplish all the *Revelation*.
 Prat what they please in Popish Schools,
Hammond and *Grotius* were but Fools,
 Who say, it is fulfil'd already,
 Most think they prayed to our Lady.
 They aim'd at Reconciliation,
 Between the Pope and every Nation.
 All other things they could pack up,
 If ye take not from them the Cup ;
 And they had reason, for in truth,
 Some think they had a burning Drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, some suppose,
 He had a Lady *Del to Bofe*,
 Who never budged from his Side ;
 Upon a pair of * *Sodds* astride :
 By whose sole Industry and Care,
 He manag'd all the Holy War.

* *Sodds*, Pack-Saddles.

We read in greatest Warriours Lives,
 They oft were ruled by their Wives.
 The World's Conqueror, *Alexander*,
 Obey'd a Lady his Commander,
 And *Anthony* that Drunkard keen
 Was rul'd by his lascivious *Queen*.
 King *Arthur* for his Wifes sake,
 Winkt at *Lancelot Du Lake*,
 Though to his Opprobry and Scorn,
 He cherisht one himself to horn.
 They say, that now are many others
 Who in that Case are *Arthur's* Brothers.
 So the imperious *Roxalan*,
 Made the great *Turk*, * *John Thomson's* Man.
 Another Warriour, all his Life
 Was also ruled by his Wife :
 Albeit before their Death arose
 Some Strife between them for her || *Pose*.

* *John Thomson's Man*, *A Hen-peck'd Fellow*.

|| *Pose*, *Purse*.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire
 Had *Zancho* call'd to whet his Ire,
 When in a Fury he did wrestle
 With Giant, or Inchant'd Castle.
 Or like *Don Quixot* with Wind-Mills,
 Or with *Dalzel* at *Pentland Hills*.
 Or when, like *Perseus*, he was ready
 To fight a Monster for a Lady :
 Being victorious in the Strife,
 He still refus'd the Nymph to wife ;
 And that with such a modest Grace
 As *Fames Knight* did the Heir of *Thrace* :
 To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
 Promis'd either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Gernsey, or *Fersey*, or some Isle,
 With a Lord Governour's Style.
 When he should beat his Foes afunder,
 And bring the Whore of *Babel* under

Lastly, on *Quixot's Rozinant*
 He rode, who took the Covenant.

As many think, none of the Nation
 Could make him take the † *Declaration*.
 Some endeavour'd to have the Horse
 Proclaimed Rebel from the Cross,
 Which though they did with open Throats,
 The Horse eats still his Hay and Oats :
 Not dreaming that in any thing
 He Country did offend, or King.
 The wisest Lawyers of the Nation,
 Advis'd him to make Appellation ;
 Because it was against all reason
 To condemn a Beast for Treason ;
 Which reason, at a tippling Can,
 Had sav'd his Master the Good-man :
 If after his rebellious Journey,
 He had met with a King's Attorney,

† *Declaration.* All that were in any Publick Employment were to take that Oath by the 5th Act of the 2d Sess. of Parl. 1st. of Charles II. in 1662 ; by which they acknowledg'd it was unlawful to take up Arms against the King, as also that the National and Solemn League and Covenant were not binding upon the Nation.

Who

Who could by Law and Reason show,
 He greater Beast was of the two.
 Or with another, who for Riches
 Stood for incestuous Whores and Witches;
 Or any other, whom ye list
 So they did well anoint his Fist,

Beside his Horse, he had a Dog,
 So us'd to traverse Hill and Bog,
 That he became of scent so cliver,
 As to miss neither Hare nor Plover.
 He turns himself in Horse or Hog,
 As *Monsieur* did † *Agrippa's* Dog;
 To find by his sagacious Nose,
 The counterplotting of his Foes,
 He treads the Back-scent, brings a Glove,
 And carries Letters to his Love :

† *Monsieur* did *Agrippa's* Dog. Wierus
Jays, there was a Report, tho' false, of Agrippa,
that he had Two Devils in the Shape of Dogs;
the one called Monsieur, the other Madamnoiselle,
to one of which at his Death he said, Get you
gone, you wretched Beast, who has destroy'd
me. Upon which it ran into the River, and was
never more seen.

He

He is a fierce Dog, yet most civil,
 Kills Fish, whose || Livers frights the Devil.
 He barks at *Anabaptist, Quaker,*
Papist, and Declaration-taker :
 But he will gently fawn, and stand,
 To lick a *Covenanter's* Hand.

Beside his Dog, he hath a Pidgeon,
 Most do not know of what Religion :
 She was the same, as many fear,
 Which once eat Pease in *Mahomet's* Ear ;
 Which, when she did, the * *Carl* did boast,
 That he spoke with the Holy Ghost.
 His Epilepsie for to recover,
 If once imploy'd, she doth not hover ;

|| Fish whose Livers fright the Devil ; *We*
have the account of that Fish in Tobit, Chap. 6.
Ver. 7. Where the Angel gives the Recipe of dri-
ving away Devils by its Smoak in Chap 8. Ver. 3.
Tobias, at his Marriage with Sara, the Daugh-
ter of Raguel, dispers'd the Bill ; and imme-
diately upon smelling that Smoak, the Evil Spi-
rit fled from the River Tigris to the utmost
Bounds of Egypt.

* *Carl, Churl.*

But

But will make the whole Worlds Tower,
 And come again within an Hour :
 Sometimes she his Orders carries
 To the *Azores* and *Canaries* :
 As Quarter Mistris, to ordain,
 In which the first Meridian
 Should lodged be, for Calculation
 Of Longitudes in Navigation.
 Sometimes he sends her an Embassage
 Out through the North-East *Indian* Passage,
 To tell the great *Tartarian* Cham,
 A piece of a *West-Phalia* Hamm
 Is better Meat, when Hunger nips,
 Than Collops off live-Horses Hips :
 That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
 Well tempered with Sugar Candy.
 A great deal better than he fares,
 Who drinks Horse Blood, or Milk of Mares
 Sometime to *Peru*, and to *Chily*,
 She goes, to tell our Prophet *Lilly*,
 Foreseeth neither good nor Evil,
 Abandon'd by his *Arick* Devil :

Whom

Whom the late great Frost did compel
 To run and warm himself in Hell.
 That she might bring from thence a Spirit
 Of greater Foresight, and of Merit,
 For to assist the great *Diviner*
 The better for to win his Dinner.
 Sometime to *Turk* she goes, and *Sophy*,
 To tell their Water and their Coffee,
 And their severe slighting of Wine,
 Makes them so with the Chollick pine;
 Which Torment is with them so * rife,
 It cost *Mahomet* the great his Life;
 For when the Chollick he did take,
 And did refuse a Cup of Sack,
 He worried on a windy Bubble,
 And freed the World of mickle Trouble.
 If they'll drink Wine, they need not fear
 Their Prophet, for his Thousand Year
 Are now expired, all in vain
 They expect his Return again.

* Rife, frequent.

D

Thus

Thus of his Person, Armour, Weed,
 His Lady, Squire, and of his Steed,
 Dog, and Pidgeon ; for his Mind,
 He leaves all Mortals far behind.

All things created he doth know,
 In Heav'n above, and Earth below :

He solves the Questions every one,
 That *Sheba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon* :

Or any other knotty doubt,
 That can occur the World throughout.

Neither doth he prat and bable,
 Like *Pliny* painting out a Fable.

At first, he makes a clear Narration,
 And then backs all by Demonstration.

He knows whether the Great *Mogull*
 Doth drink out of his Father's Skull,

Or if he make a Chamber-pot
 Of that of King of *Calcut*.

If it be prov'd by any Man
 That he is come of *Tamerlan* ;

Or if he keep Tobacco cut
 In *Tortois* Shell, or *Coco* Nut.

If the Balm and Frankincense-keepers,
 By ratling, drive away the Vipers,
 Which with such Ardour haunt those Trees;
 As with us Garden-Flowers do Bees.
 Or if they do those Serpents chock,
 As Easterlings their Bees do smoak :
 Which made two great Wits, as men think,
 Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink ;
 If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
 Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile* ;
 Or if we ought to believe them,
 Who say, *Melchisedec* was not *Sem* ;
 Which raised once a Fifty strife
 Between a Preacher and his Wife ;
 If any Man yet ever born
 Did see *Phenix* or *Unicorn* ?
 If there be a *Philosopher Stone* ?
 If Men who have not Leg but one,
 With broad Soles, which by Towers
 Defends their Heads from Sun and Showers ?

If the Emperour * *Prestor John*
 Be the Off-spring of *Solomon*?
 If those who lately conquer'd *China*,
 Be the Brothers Sons of *Diana*?
 Whoto those North-East parts were turn'd
 When *Assur's* King *Samaria* burn'd?
 If *Rome's* Founders *Wolfs* did suck?
 If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke?
 If Captain *Hynd* was a good Fellow?
 If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow?
 Which rais'd once a great Discord
 Between a Western Laird and Lord.
 If roasted Eggs be best, or sodden?
 If *James* the Fourth was kill'd at † *Floden*?
 Which made two School-men borrow Swords
 That they might fight after big Words.

* *Prestor John, the Emperor of Abissinia.*

† *Floden, A Place in Northumberland, famous for the Defeat of the Scotch Army by the English under the Command of the E. of Surrey. This was in 1513. It is uncertain, whether King James the 4th was slain in the Field of Battle, or not.*

If Sword, or Surfeit more Men kill ?

Who had the better at *Edge-Hill* ?

Which made two Ladies other jeer,

A Round-head and a Cavalier :

Both harped so on the seen Ruffle,

That it turned to a scratch-eye scuffle :

At last both conclude to agree,

Both of them vowing Secresie.

Where meets the Brethren of *Cross* *Rosie* ?

What Sums the *Spaniard* in *Potosie*

Gains yearly by their Silver Mines ?

Since thirty eight who wins or tines ?

He knows the price of Jewels and Rings,

And hidden causes of sundry things.

As of the Compass Variation,

Of *Nile* and *Niger*'s Inundation.

Why *Ireland* wanteth Toad and Snake ?

Why some Men white, and some Men black ?

Why *Regulus* Eye makes Men leave Breath ?

Why Spiders bite, them dance to Death ?

Why Men *Tarantula* do not fear ?

But at some Seasons of the Year.

Why Devils Musick do not please ?
 What sort of thing is *Ambergrease* ?
 If Iron *Magnes*, or it Iron
 Attract ? If Sea or Land environ
 That frozen great Magnetick Rock,
 Under the Pole ; where what a Cloak.
 There cannot be made any Trial,
 The one year's half, by *Phabus* Dial ?
 By the Seas motion he doth find,
 A North East passage to the *Inde* :
 Another he finds by the North-west,
 Where *Davies* freezed to his Rest :
 When Icy Mountains did occur,
 And stopt his Course to *Mar del Zurr* :
 But he hath found a brave Device,
 That he may free those Seas from Ice ;
 He empties all the Water, * *Syne*
 He fills the place with Brandy-wine,
 Which hardly will congeal with Frost,
 If Whales turn drunk, and Fishing lost ;

* *Syne*, next.

Yet lose we not by that Device,
 For Whale Oyl we get *Indian Spice*.
 All other ways are but a Cheat,
 To fetch some Money from the State.
 It's wonder they have shark'd so much,
 Both from the *English* and the *Dutch*.
 He prov'd, on peril of his Soul,
Presbyterian rule by *Paul*.
 He thought, none but a foolish Man
 Made *Antichrist* the Son of *Dan*;
 He thought by the Apostles meaning,
Voice Negative, and *sole Ordaining*,
 Was the very Mystery
 Of *Antichrist's* Iniquity,
 Which near his own time did begin
 To usher in the Man of Sin.
 He thought, if Bishops had not been,
 A Pope of *Rome* had ne're been seen.
 But now he thinks Church Government
 A thing of small, or no Concernment;
 As ready as any ever born
 For Bishops, if he had not sworn.

If *Dutch* and *English* truth report,
 He knows about th' *Amboyna* Fort,
 If those two *Indian* Ships were sunk,
 And burnt by *Dutch* when they were drunk.
 Who first began the War in *Guinea*?
 Where *Holms* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinie*.
 If groundless Jealousies and Fears
 Sets *Dutch* and *English* by the Ears:
 Or if it be the *Indian* Trade
 That doth produce Effects so sad.
 He'll tell in *Indian* Pedlar's Faces,
 We dearly buy their *Cloves* and *Maces*,
 The War draws Blood and Money forth;
 More than the *Indian* Trade is worth.
 He thinks the War fomented be
 By *Romish* Craft and Policy,
 Which rents the *Dutch* and us asunder,
 To bring reform'd Religion under.
 When both are broken, and brought low
 Like Pitchers by a mutual Blow,
 Then they'll force up the Pope again,
 And make both serve the King of *Spain*:

Who in the Jesuits Fantafie
 The world's Temporal Lord will be;
 And meagre those who countermines 'em,
 The Pope and he will rule between 'em:
 The world in two Monarchies,
 He with his Sword, he with his Keyes.
 If *Dutch* and *English* Popish were,
 They would be Popish every where:
 So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
 But such Deceits do oft delude.

He finds by perfect Demonstrations
 The Roots of all compos'd *Æquations*.
 He finds new ways to poyson Cats,
 Of Mudd he Serpents makes, and Rats.
 He finds the *Longitude* of Places,
 Makes Bag-pipes with Concurring *Bases*.
 He finds two means *proportionals*,
 Which great Wits sometime inthrals.
 In Virtuosi's Conventicles,
Excentricks, *Orbs*, and *Epycicles*.
 He finds to be fantastick *Fictions*,
 Forg'd to palliat *Contradictions*;

Where-

Wherewith the late *Star-gazer's* Notions
 Have involv'd the *Planet's* Motions
 To determine he dare venture,
 The *Sun* to be the *World's Center*,
 To hold the Candle in the middle
 Infix'd, while to *Pythagora's* Fiddle
 Still Firmament, with twinkling Eyes,
 The Earth and Planets dancing sees,
 He Squares, *Circles*, *Doubles*, *Cubes*,
 Makes most admirable *Tubes*;
 If he at *Dover* through them glance,
 He sees what Hours it is in *France*;
 As he hath prov'd by frequent Trial,
 On Steeple, Clock, and Sunny Dial:
 He reads with them another while
 Letters, distant twenty Mile;
Dutch or *Scotch*, I know not whether,
 The one is as like as the other.

If he once level at the Moon,
 Either a Midnight or at Noon,
 He discovers *Rivers*, *Hills*,
 Steeples, Castles, and *Wind-mills*,

Villages, and Fenced Towns,
 With Fougles, Bulwarks, and great Guns,
 Cavaliers on Horse-back prancing,
 Maids about a *May-pole* dancing;
 Men in *Taverns* Wine carousing,
 Beggars by the High-way Lowling,
 Soldiers forging Ale-house brawlings,
 To be let go without their Lawings,
 'Stirrs in Streets by Grooms and Pages,
 Mountebanks playing on Stages.
 Wild *Boars* strouting out their Bristles,
 Black *Birds* striving who best whistles,
 Throats of *Larks* Trumpeting Day,
Falcons beating down their Prey,
 Hare and Deer crossing Bogs,
 Followed at the Heels by Dogs,
Asses braying, *Lions* roaring,
 Owls screeching, Eagles soaring,
 Foxes roused from their Den,
 Monkeys imitating Men.
 Gardens planting, Houses bigging,
 States and Princes Fleets out-rigging;

Antick fashions of Apparels,
 States and Princes pitching Quarrels :
 Wars, Rebels, Horse Races
 Proclaim'd at several Market-places.
 Capers bringing in their Prizes,
Commons cursing new *Excises*.
 Young VVives old Husbands horning,
Judges drunk every Morning ;
 Augmenting Law-suits, and Divisions,
 By *Spanish* and by *French* Decisions ;
 Courtiers their Aims missing,
 Chaplain's VVidow-Ladys kissing ;
 Men to sell their Lands itching,
 To pay th'expences of their Kitching.
 Frequent changes, States invading,
 Pulpits forcing, and perswading ;
 Great Jarrs for Cloves and Maces,
 For Bishops, Lordships and their Graces :
 Lords in Stews, missing Purfes,
 While Pages make their Ladies Nurses :
 Preachers contradicting fast
 This Year, what they preach'd the last ;
Making

Making in their Conscience Room
 For a change the Year to come ;
 Some seeking Bishopricks in vain,
 Wishing Presbytery again ;
 Lawyers Counsels at such Rates,
 That they cost Men their whole Estates :
 What Money Men puts in their Hands,
 To get half back, they give their Lands :
 Physicians cheating young and old,
 Making both buy Death with Gold :
 Not vers'd in *Æsculapius* ways,
 Indicative and Critick Days
 They make too late, or else too soon,
 Not knowing the motion of the Moon :
 Factions in Families and Towns,
 Ground manur'd by Country Clowns,
 In Meadows, Corns, Grapes, Apples,
 Outbraving *Lombardie* and *Naples* ;
 Priests diseased of the * Riples,
 Hirpling through the Streets like Criples.

* Riples, *Sprain'd backs by too much enjoyment.*

Physicians spoiled with the Pox,
 Hiding their Noses with their Cloaks,
 Courtiers covering cankered Festers
 With curled *Perriwigs* and *Plaisters*,
 With Wax *Noses*, Golden *Lips*,
 With *Plasterboard* mending Legs and Hips,
 Using all the Art they can,
 That they may seem a pretty Man,
 And free of Blemish, like a Priest
 With *Urim Thummim* on his Breast :
 Ladies speaking ranting Words,
 Attir'd like Men with Vests and Swords,
 With *Periwiggs* and long Locks,
 Some tax'd for dancing in their Smocks :
 Making frivolous Excuses,
 Men pretending to the Muses ;
 Some selling Drink, some selling * *Drass*,
 Some Buffons turn'd, to make Men laugh ;
 Some Publicans, some busie Medlers,
 Some turn'd † *Horse-Coopers*, some Pedlars :

* *Drass*, *Grains*.

† *Horse-Coopers*, *Jockeys*.

Some challenged for dreadful things,
 As stealing Silver Spoons, and Rings ;
 Having us'd many whiles before,
 That they might put them to the Door.
 Sundry Philosophick Asses,
 By dictating, teaching Classes,
 Not taking an account again,
 Making Boys spend their Time in vain,
 Some dissipating little Muggs,
 Containing universal Druggs ;
 Physicians crying out amain,
 Where they cure one, they poyson ten.
 Some getting Oyster-Boats to dreg,
 Some making Satyrs for to beg,
 Being reduced to those Wants,
 By several avaricious Saints,
 Who proved on them Drinking, VVhoring,
 By slandering, forging, and perjuring :
 At last, for all their fair Pretention,
 Their Quarrel prov'd to be a Pension,
 Which having got, then for Refuge,
 They bribe, or cheat a silly Judge,

By purloyning, and forbearing,
 To stop the cause from further hearing.
 There was no Remedy for the Evil,
 All went head-long to the Devil :
 That Fathers saying is most true,
 Penitent Clerks are very few :
 Ere any Shame shall them betide,
 They'l one sin with another hide.

His Tube in higher Planets Heaven,
 Discovers many more than Seven.

Jove has his || Guard with Thunder thumps,
 To beat down *Covenants* and *Rumps* :
 And *Saturn* hath his Pages too,
 When he meets *Jove*, there is ado.
 Its good to some, and bad to other,
 Its never good to all together :
 For some go up, and some go down,
 Some gets, and some will lose a Crown.
 They say, such things will now appear,
 In less than Three and Thirty Year.

|| *Jove* has his Guard, i. e. *Satellites Jovis*.

Great change of Government shall be,
 As all affirm beyond the Sea :
 But all their practices and wiles
 At this bout, will not reach our Isles.
 All is confined to the main,
 And then it will about again.
 We need not break our Hearts for Sorrow,
 What's ours to day, is theirs to morrow.
 He sees *Mars* sending Grooms in Ire
 To set the world below on Fire ;
 Raising such Fury in Mens Breasts,
 That *Generals* are made of *Priests*,
 Which them becomes, as all avow,
 As well as Saddle doth a Sow.
 He sees those Grooms, who *Sun* attends,
 Blowing on their brunt Finger ends ;
 Among whom *Mercury* doth stand,
 Serving the *Sun* with Cap in hand.
 He hath no Dwelling of his own,
 But is Domestick of the *Sun*.
Phabus and he hath great compassion
 On Arts now wearing out of fashion :

Yet some will flourish, they foresaw,
 Romances, and the Canon Law.
 He sees, with *Venus*, Pages are,
 VWho Pimps were to the God of VVar :
 VWhen jealous *Vulcan*, sick of Love,
 VWould needs himself a Cuckold prove,
 Like several great ones here below,
 Though some conceal what they do know.

Tis Tube once levelled at the Sky,
 Sundry, yet hid Lights doth espy ;
 Some lesser ones, and some more gross,
 Between the Bears and Southern Cross ;
 Some on *Pegasus* his Hoof,
 And some upon his Master's Love,
 And some upon her Mother's Chair,
 And some on *Berenices* Hair ;
 And some upon the *Serpents* Sting,
 And some upon the *Eagles* Wing ;
 And some upon the *Rams* Horn,
 Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*,
 And some he sees upon the *Bull*,
 And some upon *Orion's* Skull,

And some on *Nessus* mortal Foe,
 And some on *Cancers* mickle Toe :
 Some on the Sails of *Argo* Ship,
 And some on *Antinous* Hip ;
 And some he sees upon the *Twins*,
 And some upon the *Fishes* Fins ;
 And some he sees on *Libra's* Scale,
 And some upon the *Dragon's* Tail ;
 Which little Bear and Pole entangles,
 And some he sees on the *Triangles* :
 Some on the *Harp*, some on the *Swan*,
 Some on the *Crown*, some on the *Cran*,
 Some on the *Whale*, some on the *Trout*,
 And some upon the great *Dog's* Snout,
 And some upon the *Virgin's* Knees,
 On *Crinita*, between her Thighs,
 Which makes her blush, and turn her Look
 North-East, upon *Boote's* Dock :
 Which the base Clown regardeth not,
 But spurns her backward with his Foot,
 And almost lames her on the Knee.
 Which barbarous Incivilitie

Is evident to any Man,
By the Globe of the *Vatican*.

And finally, that tract of Light
Which we see in a Frosty Night,
And caused *Philosophick* Jarrs,
He finds to be the Light of Stars ;
Which just so shining, he doth mark,
As Haddocks Heads do in the dark.

Solve several Questions he can,
Scarce solvable by any Man :
If number of Stars be odd or even :
What's beyond the utmost Heaven,
If substance of the Heav'ns be mix'd ;
If Stars do move, in Orbs infix'd :
Or, if they move, as others clatter,
As Fowl in Air, or Fish in Water.
Since *Jewish* Sabbath is begun,
And ends with setting of the Sun,
How that Sabbath observ'd can be
Beyond the sixty eighth Degree
Of Latitude : since *Antipods*
In Sun shining, have such odds,

How

How both Sabbaths Observation
 Jumps with the Sabbath of Creation :
 The one and other Question
 Sorely puzzled Solomon,
 In that great Dispute, that between
 Was him and that *Arabian Queen* ;
 Or *Æthiopian*, as some other,
 Who make her *Prefter John's Mother*.

Against the late Star-gazers Schism,
 And *Argolus* Paralogism ;
 He finds Comets are plac'd no where
 But in some Region of the Air.
 He finds with admirable Speed
 Their Paralixis by a Threed :
 He finds their Eyes perceive not well,
 Or else *Dioptriques* make them reel,
 And that their Brain's not worth a T—d,
 Who calls them *Via Lactea's Curd* ;
 The same he thinks of many others,
 Who say, they are new Stars half Brothers.
 Of which last, if he espy one,
 He bids let Gods secrets alone.

He finds both Comets and Eclipses,
 But pretty Fortune telling Gipsies :
 The like uncertainty he sees
 In change of *Excentricities*.
 But he foresees by Prophets *Union*
 The Effects of a great *Conjunction*;
 Before the Age begin again,
Spain shall have *France*, or *France* have *Spain*;
 The Monarchy shall spread no further,
 If *Dutch* and *English* hold together.
 And though they do great Tribulation,
 Follows a *Gothish* Inundation,
 Spreading from * *Pomer* into *Sclose*,
 In defence of the *Flower-de luce* :
 Their Mutiny for want of Pay
 Proves to the *French* a dismal Day.
 Then *English* shall say, God be thanked,
 The *French* are like Fleas in a Blanket,

* *Pomer* into *Sclose*, From *Pomerania*, a
 Countrey of Germany on the *Baltick* to *Dutch*
Flanders.

They

They soon skip out, as they did in,
 Their Conquest ends e're it begin.
 They marr all by unstable Carriage,
 As in their old † *Italian Voyage*;
 When quite forsaken of their Helps
 They first brought *Shankers* ov'r the Alps.

He doth foresee another wonder,
 Nations in place, and hearts asunder,
 Shall straitly be conjoyn'd in one,
 Against the Whore of *Babylon*.

And though those Nations be but poor,
 Rich Kings who fornicate the Whore,
 Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
 When Rain and South-wind makes a Thaw.
 What Men they are, he will not clatter,
 Lest some thinks he intends to flatter.
 Then all shall be serene and clear,
 And Saints shall Reign a thousand Year,

† *Italian Voyage*, he means the *Sicilian Vespers*, on Easter-Eve, 1382. when the Sicilians massacred all the French in the Island.

If not, let it not be forgotten,
To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jews* Conversion,
The manner of the World's Everfion.

If Fire shall burn the Heav'ns to Embers,

If separat Souls their Friends remembers :

If those new reasons do make good

The Circulation of the Blood :

If Webbs of Cloth be made of Stones,

If Pox can be chas'd from the Bones ;

If Minerals nourish as Grain,

If Rats once dead can live again :

And of such like Resurrections,

If by Attractions, and Ejections,

Men may lend, or borrow Blood ;

If universal Druggs be good ;

If Satyr-makers ever thrive,

If any thing which they contrive ;

If there be such of any Nation,

Who are not driven to Desperation,

Giving to all, who them defends,

Still forest on the finger-ends.

Though

Though never wiser Man was born,
 He knows not how to dine the morn :
 No more than he sees when shall come
 The moment of the day of Doom.

The Whiggs him circled in a Ring,
 And he stood like a Nine-pin King ;
 After a Pause and a Cough,
 And sundry clawings of his Hough :
 Upon his Tiptoes he arose,
 And with his Fingers wip'd his Nose,
 And cleans'd his Fingers on his Breeches,
 Delivering those following Speeches.

Hear, O ye remnant of *Isra'l*,
 Who have not bow'd your Knees to *Baal*,
 For which ye undergo the Cross ;
 Ye Gold refined from the Dross ;
 Ye winnow'd Corn purg'd from the Chaff,
 Yesp'rit of Malt drawn from the Draff ;
 Who to the good Cause are no Shame,
 Ye Covenanters, Curds and Cream ;
 Ere one a *Pater-Noster* utter,
 Some will turn Cheese, and others Butter ;
 F . And

And each will feed his hungry Brother,
 If we shall chance to eat each other.
 Ye who still pray for these who wrong you,
 God grant there be no Rogues among you,
 As Arch as any of the Nation :
 I have caus'd Pen a Supplication,
 Which must be sent unto the King,
 From whom some must an Answer bring :
 I'll read it out, that ye may mend it,
 And then advise by whom to send it.
 Then answered the whole Croud,
 Bidding him read it out aloud.
 Seeking his * *Lunets* forth, he fared,
 At which, they who stood nearest started;
 Those further off took such Alarms,
 Some cried to Legs, some cried to Arms :
 What was the matter, none could think,
 'Till all of them did smell the Stink.
 Then having hush'd their shouts and hallows
 He did begin to read as follows.

* *Lunets, Pockets.*

THE SUPPLICATION.

SIR, though there be but few among us,
 Who bids at every word *God damn us*;
 Though we come not to martial Closets,
 Half gelded, and without our Noses :
 As not accustom'd to those Tricks,
 Which hurts men's Noses, and their P—ks :
 Although we do not rant and swagger,
 Nor drink in Taverns till we stagger,
 And then engage in drunken Quarrels,
 Where Wit goes out by * tooming Barrels :
 Where some throw || stoops, and others glasses,
 Some struggle with the serving Lasses ;
 Some throw a Candlestick, some a Can,
 Some strive to Cuckold the Good-man.

* Tooming, *Emptying*!

|| Stoops, *Pots*.

Some mean their Elbow, some their Head,
 Some cry, alas, their Shoulder-blade ;
 And some with spilled Drink are dreeping,
 And some sit on a Privy sleeping :
 Some do not know at whom they'r striking,
 And some are busie Pockets picking :
 Some have their Hair with Fingers freezed,
 And some cry out, they'r Circumcised.
 Some have their Faces and their * Throples
 All scratched with Tobacco Stoples :
 Some Coals with naked Swords are hewing,
 And some lye in a Corner spewing ;
 And other some get bloody Fingers,
 By grasping naked Knives and Whingers,
 When they the Fray intend to † redd,
 When it were better they were a-bed :
 And some cry, ye disturb the Laird,
 And some cry, fy bring Bailly Baird ;

* Throples, *Throats*.

† The Fray intend to redd, To end the
Squabble.

A Man who is obliged much
 Unto the War against the *Dutch*.
 At that they call the Wench to reckon,
 She comes and counts up three for one,
 But gains not much, though she so trick it,
 Beside her loss of || Burgefs Ticket :
 They tell her, they will Money borrow,
 And come and pay their Shot to morrow :
 Their Officers the other day,
 Had dic'd and drunk, and whor'd their Pay.

Sir, though we do not play such Pranks,
 For which we give unto God thanks ;
 Yet we your loyal Subjects are,
 To serve you both in Peace and War,
 With our Fortunes, and our Lives ;
 But if our Conscience, and our Wives
 By any Man be meddled with,
 We'll both defend with all our pith.
 Sir, our Conscience to compel,
 Is to force our Souls to Hell.

|| Burgefs-Ticket, Maiden-head.

If we do good, and think it evil,
 In that we more obey the Devil,
 Than doing ill, which we think good,
 If holy Writ be understood.

Sir, we have been sore oppressed,
 Our Wives and serving Lasses Cessed,
 Either to give beyond their reach,
 Or else hear some Hirelings Preach :
 Who Preach nought else, but rail and rant
 Against the Holy Covenant :
 And yet it's known, that the Nation
 Did take it at their Instigation ;
 For which, of late, they were so hearty,
 When it was the prevailing Party,
 That they urg'd State, as they were * wood,
 To take som's Means, and others Blood :
 And others they compell'd to flee,
 And hide themselves beyond the Sea :
 And that, Sir, for no other reason,
 But Ante-Covenanting Treason.

* Wood; *Mad.*

But now, Sir, when the guise doth turn,
 They preach nothing but hang, and burn,
 And § harry all those of the Nation,
 Who do refuse the Declaration :
 Perswading us with Tales and Fictions
 To take Oaths which are Contradictions ;
 Having for love of worldly Pelf
 First taken contrair Oaths themself.

At the first, Sir, God be thanked,
 We sold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket,
 And Gowns, and Plaids, and Petticoats,
 Meal and Pease, Barley and Oats,
 Butter and Cheese, and Wool Fleeces,
 For Groats and * Fourty Penny pieces ;
 Capons and Hens, and Geese and Piggs,
 Oxen and Horse which till'd our Riggs ;

§ Harry, *Impoverish.*
 * Fourty Penny pieces, *Three Pence, and*
 $\frac{1}{3}$ of a Penny.

And

And which our very Hearts pierces,
 Master † *Zachary Boyd's* Verses,
Dickson's Sermons, *Guthrie's* Libels,
Bessie of || *Lanerk* and our Bibles,
 And learn'd Religion by Tradition,
 Which smell of Popish Superstition,
 To pay our Fines we were so willing,
 Which was for each fault Twenty Shilling,
 Though we alledg'd for our Defence,
 It was too much by Eighteen Pence.
 At last, we had no more to give,
 Neither knew we how to live;
 They § felled all our Hens and Cocks,
 And rooted out our * Kail Stocks,
 And cast them ov'r the Dikes away,
 And bid us jeering, 'fast and pray.

† *Mr. Zach. Boyd's* Verses; He was a Poet,
 he paraphras'd or rather burlesqu'd several Pla-
 ces of Scripture, probably that was owing more
 to Ignorance than Design.

|| *Bessie of Lanerk*, This is a small Pamphlet,
 by way of Dialogue betwixt a Minister and her.

§ Fell'd, They kill'd.

* Kail, Cabbage.

Being

Being incens'd with such Harms,
 We were necessitate to Arms ;
 And through the Country we did come,
 We had far better staid at home.
 We did nothing but † hunt the Glaikes,
 For after we had got our Paiks,
 They took us every one as Prizes,
 And condemn'd us in Assizes,
 To be hang'd up every where,
 And fix'd our Heads up here and there.
 Once dreadful Heads, Sir, all did doubt 'em,
 They had so mickle Wit about them.
 And we, who scap'd those grievous Crosses,
 Did hide our selves in Bogs and Mosses :
 Where we fed on || sodden Leather,
 Mingled with Crops of § Heather ;
 Which, our Hunger to assuage,
 We thought most savory Pottage ;

† Hunt the Glaikes, *go of a Fool's Errand.*

|| Sodden, *Boil'd.*

§ Crops of Heather, *Tops of Heath.*

For

For Drink, it was no small Matter,
 If we got clear not muddy Water ;
 In which we heartily do wish,
 There be none who desire to Fish ;
 That by the Devil's Instigation,
 Brings on us all this Tribulation.
 When in that case we could not stand,
 We Sally, Sir, with Sword in Hand :
 Let men cry, Rebels, till they grow hoarse,
 We're Subjects nev'r a whit the worse.
 Though we prefer you not to God,
 Who do so, Sir, their faith will nod.
 If Government take changing Towers,
 They will renounce both you, and yours ;
 As doth appear by some of late,
 When that Usurper rul'd the State :
 They strove, Sir, to be sent apace
 To abjure you in the Worlds face.
 Though some, Sir, of our * Duniwessles
 Stood out, like Eglington and Cassils,

* Duniwessles, *Highland Gentlemen.*

And others, striving to sit still,
 Were forc'd to go against their Will,
 Yet other some, as all Men knows,
 Who should be sent, were near to Blows,
 That is, at very boystrous Words,
 Putting their Hands upon their Swords,
 To make men think that they were stout,
 When it was known the World throughout,
 To fight your Foes, when they were sent,
 They always took the * Bog a-scent,
 And running from the Fight by stealth,
 Would then sit down and drink your health :
 And since they could not think, like Asses ;
 To beat your Foes by drinking Glasses ;
 It's evident, Sir, as we think,
 They drank your Health for love of Drink.

Yet many, Sir, were disappointed,
 Who so forsook the Lords Anointed ;
 They were not all alike regarded,
 Some well, and some were ill rewarded :

* Took the Bog a-scent, *They fled.*

They

They who play'd best with both the Hands
 Inrich'd were by their Neighbours Lands.
 Some from their Creditors got Refuges,
 Some were made Clerks, and others Judges:
 Some swearing their Stocks were spent,
 Strove to get down their Annual Rent :
 Detaining, Sir, by that Extortion,
 The Fatherless and Widows Portion,
 Which Usuring Fathers lent to Lairds,
 Who play'd it all at Dice and Cards :
 Which forc'd some Lasses to miscarriage,
 Because they could not get a Marriage ;
 But among those of stricter Life,
 The truth tell-colour grew so rife,
 That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces
 Of those who could not paint their Faces.
 But other some got Mocks and Scorns,
 By giving to their Land-Lords Horns,
 And spewing Claret, mult'd with Eggs,
 Between the Lord Protectors Legs,
 When they did endeavour to pray
 Before him, on a Fasting-Day.

Some *Whally's* Bible did * begarie,
 By letting flee at it *Canarie*,
 Taking it up, where it lay next,
 That they might read on it the Text :
 When *Cromwel* preach'd with great Applause
 The Revelation of his Cause :
 And some of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
 And other some brought home the Pox :
 Giving foul Linnen all the † Wite,
 Some turn'd your Friends for meer despight :
 Vowing you never to withstand
 Again, without something in hand.
 And some turn'd Ordinance-forsakers,
 Others for grief of Heart turn'd Quakers ;
 Some in their Conscience took Remorse,
 Crying, I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarse,
 And made the Standers by admira
 To see them take the Fits of || *Spira*.

* Begarie, *Bespatter*.

† All the Wite, *All the Blame*.

|| *Spira*, He Died in Despair, *Blaspheming*
 God.

To bring those troubled Souls to Peace,
 Some reads *Alvares* helps to Grace ;
 Some *Sanctuary* of a troubled Soul,
 Some cited Passages of *Paul* :
 Explaining well what he did say ;
 Some reads on Mr. *Andrew Gray* :
 Some told the danger of Back-sliding,
 Some the good of Faith abiding ;
 Some reads the Cases of *Richard Binning* :
 Some *Fergusson* reads of *Kilwinning* :
 And some them pressed very sore
 To hear a little of Doctor *More* :
 But others cry'd, Away, and Tush
 With Vipers in a Balmy Bush :
 With blind *Pilots*, guiding *Ferries*,
 With *Toads* lurking in *Strawberries*.
 His Doctrine of Justification
 Drives all the Court to Desperation.
 Few there are saved, as we guess,
 By their inherent Righteousness.
 He hath some good among great Evils,
 He tells of *Bastard* getting Devils :

Of their *Bodies*, or *Vehicles*,
 Their *Herauldry* and *Conventicles*.

It's sport to see his Fancy wander
 In their Male and Female Gender,
 He doth so punctually tell
 The whole œconomy of Hell.

That some affirm he is *Puck Hary*,
 Some, he hath walked with the *Fairy*:

Though intellectuals be near,
 Though he mean well, and is no Cheat,
 His Case is desperate and sad,

For too much Learning makes him mad,

We'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,

Or we will read on *Bessie Clark*,

Or else on *Beaker's Heavenly Beam*,

Or on the * *Lady Culrofs Dream* ;

Which sundry drunken Asses flout,

Not seeing the Jewel within the Clout.

* *Lady Culrofs Dream*, She was his own
 Mother : That Dream was a Sort of Trance of
 hers as she imagin'd, the Author publish'd it.

Like Coxcombs, who take no heed
 When they *Gower*, or *Chaucer* read.
 When they had said, and read their Fill,
 It did not cure the Patients ill :
 They still cry on, and howl, and mourn,
 Their Counsels will not serve the Turn.
 No Comfort at all find they can,
 Until a Grave and Reverend Man
 Advise them to resist Temptation,
 With *Spanish* Wine, and Fornication.

Those Rebels also to obey,
 Those Hirelings ceas'd for you to pray ;
 Because their Stipends, and their Living
 Were at the foresaid Rebels giving.
 They thought a man a venial Sinner
 Who left sworn Duty for his Dinner :
 Yea some of them were of opinion,
 They might pray for that * *Devils* *Minion*.
 They would not stick for love of Pelf,
 To pray, Sir, for the Devil himself :
 But we, in the Usurpers Faces,
 Remembred you in Prayers and Graces ;

And if we had had Guns and Swords,
 Our Actions would have back'd our words.
 Our Fault, Sir, was, for which we moan,
 We thought to do it all alone.
 Since it was only want of Wit,
 Since it was a Distraction Fit,
 We pray you, Sir, be no despiser
 Of us, whom God has made no wiser.

Royal Sir, to those our times
 Apply'd may be a Poet's Rhimes,
 Who courfly singeth, *that a Wight*
Obeying King in wrong or right;
If that the King to wrack shall go,
Will in like manner turn his Foe,
But who obey no sinful thing,
Do still prove constant to their King.
 The Rhime is barbarous and rude,
 But, Sir, the Saying's rich and good;
 In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
 We have it in a Manuscript:

The Good-man keeps it, as we think,
 Behind a Dish, upon the * Bink:
 And yet its thought by many a man
 Most worthy of the *Vatican*.
 It's worthy, Sir, of your Saint *James*
 That stands upon the River *Thames*.
 Ye'll not find Saying such another,
 Put all their Gilded Books together:
 Tho' with these two ye joyn in one
 The Bibliothek of *Prefter John*.
 Cause Pages cry it still before ye,
 As *Philip* did *Memento mori*.

Since then we Arm for Conscience sake,
 May't please you, Sir, some Pity take,
 And not by Bishop's Instigation
 Inforce on us the *Declaration*,
 Nor make us give, beyond our reach,
 To keep's from hearing † Hirelings Preach;
 Who last year preached Oaths to take,
 And this year preacheth them to break:

* Bink, Cupboard.

† Hirelings, Episcopal Ministers.

When they have forced men to take them,
 Then first of all, themselves they break 'em.
 Except God, Sir, their manners mend,
 They'l Oath it to the Worlds end.
 Men either must forswear themself,
 As oft as they turn Coats for Pelf,
 Or else their Conscience is so scurvie,
 They will turn all things topsie turvie.
 And we will give what we can reach
 To keep's from hearing those men Preach,
 As* Achifons, † Balbies and ‖ Placks,
 Which is enough, Sir, for our § Packs.
 Likewise, in any other thing
 We will obey you, as our King,
 If ye require it at our Hands,
 We'll quite to you both Lives and Lands.
 Nothing to fight can us compell,
 Except to keep our Souls from Hell ;

* Achifon, $\frac{2}{3}$ of a Penny, so call'd from one Achifon, Master of the Mint in Scotland.

† Balbie, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a Penny.

‖ Plack, $\frac{1}{8}$ of a Penny.

§ Packs, Stocks.

What-

Whatever mischief us befall,
 Or else the Devil take us all.
 Ye need not, Sir, distrust, or fear,
 When Out-Law-Whiggs do § Ban or § swear;
 It doth unto the World appear,
 Keeping our Oaths hath cost us dear.
 We pray God, that Your Majesty,
 And then Your Royal Progeny,
 May peace and truth with us defend,
 As Kings, unto the Worlds end.
 We with all duty and respect
 Your gracious Answer do expect.

§ Ban, *Curse.*

A Debate between the Knight and Squire, about the mending of the Petition, and who should carry it to the King.

AND thus the Supplication ended,
The Squire cry'd out, it should be
(mended :

Being desir'd to tell the cause,
First with all Ten his Arse he claws,
And then his Elbow, and his Head,
Winking a while, as he were dead ;
And clapping both Hands on his Snout,
Atlast his Reason tumbled out ;
To wit, it did not move to grant
Renewing of the *COVENANT*.

KNIGHT.

At which the Knight gave such a Groan,
As would have rent a Heart of Stone :

And

And casting both his Eyes to Heaven,
 He said, not though the * Earl of *Levin*.
 Were on our Heads, we durst not do it,
 It's base to put the King so to it :
 It is a most presumptuous thing,
 To cross the Conscience of a King.
 Some honest Men did never take it ;
 Some honest also were who broke it :
 But he who breaks't against his light,
 Let it be wrong, let it be right ;
 By Prophets and Apostles leave
 We dare aver he is a Knave.
 On singulats we will not harp,
 For the apply will be to *Sharp*.
 We put down Bishops, to our cost,
 Yet two or three still rul'd the Roast ;
 Some of which plaid such Pranks at home,
 As never Pope presum'd at *Rome*.
 It is the simplest of all Tricks
 To suffer Fools have Chopping Sticks.

* The E. of *Levin*, *He was a General, and
 a very great Soldier.*

A Sword put in a mad man's Hand,
Breeds mickle Trouble to the Land.

ESQUIRE.

The Squire reply'd, they'r scarce of News,
Who tells, their Mother haunted Stews.

Who on his Brother rubs Disgrace,

He spits upon his Mother's Face.

Each *Covenanter* is our Brother,

The *Covenant* of all is Mother.

Their wit is dull, and very gross;

Who think where Gold is, there's no Dross;

Where there is Corn, there may be Chaff,

Where there is Malt, there may be Drass:

Thistles with Corn grow on the Riggs,

And Rogues may lurk among the *Whiggs*.

And Friars in Lent may be Flesh-eaters,

And *Covenanters* may be *Cheaters*,

And Weeds grow up with fairest Flowers,

And fighting Sisters may be Whores.

As Fruit on Trees grow, so grow Leaves,

Its certain Bishops may be Knaves;

Its

Its known to all, the Devil may dwell
 In some of fourteen, as of twelve.
 To blame a Cause for Persons Vices,
 Is one of Satans main Devices,
 By which he very oft doth make
 Well-meaning men the Truth forsake.
 But let us first the Question state,
 Before we enter in Debate,
 Which of the two should bear the Sway,
 The *Mitres*, or the *Elders Lay*.

KNIGHT.

The Knight did pause a pretty while,
 Then answered with a scornful Smile,
 I tell thee, Fool, I think *Government*
 Of *Church*, a thing of small concernment :
 The Truth 'tis very hard to find,
 It puzzleth the learnedst Mind.
 Some do the *Presbitry* conceive
 New forg'd by *Calvin* at *Geneve* ;
 Some say, he puts to Execution
Paul the Apostles Institution,

Which

Which suffered Exile and Ejection,
 The time of *Paul's* foretold Defection.
 Some say, since Bishops did appear,
 Its more than Fifteen hundred Year ;
 Some say, that then they did begin
 The Pope of *Rome* to usher in :
 That *Paul's* Iniquities, mystery working,
 Was men, then for precedency * forking.
 Some Presbyterians do conclude,
 But Bishops say, such thoughts delude :
 Which comes from Brains which have a Bee,
 Like *Urquhart's Trigonometrie* :
 Some Bishops prove by Scripture-phrases,
 As by the word *ἐπισκοπος* :
 How *John* the Angels seven did greet,
 Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in *Crete*.
 But other some boldly asserts,
 Who reason so, the Text perverts.
 Some call the Bishops *Weather-Cocks*,
 Who where their Heads were, turn their *Docks*.

* Forking, Striving.

H

Still

Still stout for them who gives them most,
 And who will make them rule the Roast.
 Some say, that Bishops have been good,
 And seal'd the Gospel with their Blood ;
 As ready for the truth at call,
 As any Whigg among us all.
 Perhaps a railing foolish Ranter
 Will tell, a Bishop Covenanter
 An honest Clergy-man will be,
 When Cable passeth Needles Eye :
 For some of such plaid a pavier,
 Though all the Cable of the Navy
 In one, should pass through Needles-eye,
 Whiggs still would doubt their Honesty.
 Some say, a Bishop Covenanter,
 If a Penitent Repenter,
 Cauferh more Joy to Sp'rits Divine,
 Than all the other ninety nine.
 Some Father Tales upon King *James*,
 To sundry Presbyterian Dames,
 That he was forc'd of Knaves to make 'em,
 For Devil an honest Man would take them.

Some say, the King gave never leave
 To make a Bishop of a Knave.
 That those men are evil speakers,
 Tax'd by *Jude*, spiritual Quakers :
 That none doth hate Nobility ;
 For Quakers blaming Herauldry.
 And some again are, who compares
 Our Bishops unto *Baiting Bears* ;
 Who, if they be not kept in awe,
 They will tear all with Teeth and Paw :
 Yet tractable in every thing,
 If in their Snout ye put a Ring.
 And many men again there be
 Who say the same of Presbytrie ;
 And some say this, and some say that,
 And some affirm, they know not what.
 Its grief to see them Scripture vex,
 And wrest it, like a Nose of Wax ;
 And he who is deceived most
 All Fathers on the Holy Ghost.
 Some quitting Prophets and Apostles,
 Thinks best to plead the Cause by *Postills* :

And some do dispute by Tradition,
 Some calls that Popish Superstition;
 And some affirm, that they had rather
 Follow a Council than a Father:
 And some affirm, no matter whether,
 They are blind Leaders all together.
 And since the truth is found by none,
 No more than is that turn Gold Stone,
 It's best, *Zancho*, for ought I see,
 To take a Pint and then agree.
 Let men have Bishops at their Ease,
 And hear what Preachers best them please;
 If we be freed of Declaration,
 And of that other great Vexation
 We mentioned in our Petition,
 We'll alter it on no Condition;
 Then we will serve the King as much
 Against the *Dane*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,
 As any in his three Dominions
 Who hateth us, or our Opinions:
 If he command us, we will come
 Like *Goths*, and Scale the Walls of *Rome*,
 And

And bereave *Babels* Whore of Breath,
Or die the *Duke of *Bouibon's* Death.

SQUIRE.

The 'Squire made many odd Grimace
'Ere he could speak, like *Balaam's* As;
Sometime he wink'd, sometime look'd up,
And running backward like a § *Tupp*,
For to return with great Force,
He snorted like a very Horse;
One Thought upon another tumbled,
One while he grin'd, another grumbled,
Atlast like † *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Durie*,
He gave a Broad-side in a Fury:
Looking as he would eat themall,
His words flew out like Cannon Ball.
The love of Pelf comes from the Devil,
It's root of all mischief and Evil:

* Duke of *Bourbon*, He was *Charles V.* his
General: He led an Army against *Rome*, and
besieg'd the Pope.

§ *Tupp*, a Ram.

† *Cant*, *Trail* or *Durie*, Three Famous Pres-
byterian Ministers.

It makes Lords sup without a Candle,
When none can see their Knife to handle :

While to bring Candles Servants lingers,
Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers.

It makes Fore-heads and Shins to bleed,

By saving Candle, to light to Bed.

It makes them keep their Celler Keys,

Set secret marks on Hams and Cheese ;

Which, if but in the least defaced,

Wives, Servants, Bairns are all manaced.

It makes them † prigg for Milk and Eggs,

Put in their Broth, Cocks-halves, and Legs :

It makes them patch Elbows and Breasts,

Keep * Rinded Butter in Charter Chests,

Till Rats eat all their Law-defences,

And Families old Evidences :

It makes them pay their Masons Wages

By Usury, on Wedds, and Gadges

Taken from Widows, who were plundred,

By paying Fourty in the Hundred.

† Prigg, *Higgle*.

* Rinded Butter, *Melted*.

It corrupts *Hamell, Sharp, and Sweet,*
 It poysons all, like *Aconite* :
 If it touch *Hide*, it goes to *Heart*,
 And so affecteth every part.

The great Ones do betray their Trust,
 Ladies throw Honour in the Dust,
 Like those who trod the *Cyprian Dance*
 With that *Financier of France*.

It *Puritans* does make of *Ranters*,
 And *Cavaliers* of *Covenanters* ;

Of *Lords* and *Earls* it makes *Drapers*,
 Of *Priests* and *Levites* it makes *Capers*.

It makes grave and reverend *Cheats*
 In *Pulpits*, and *Tribunal Seats* :

For any *Crime* it finds *Defences*,
 With *Oaths*, it like a *Pope* dispences :

It causes among *Brethren* *Strife*,
 It makes a *Man* Plmp to his *Wife* :

It makes yield *Fortresses* and *Towns*
 Sooner than *Armies* with great *Guns* :

It sets a fire *Cities* and *Streets*,
 It raises *Tragedies* in *Fleets* ;

It makes the vanquished victorious,
 Their Defeat than Victory more glorious:
 It makes Rebellion rise and fall,
 And hath such influence on all,
 That whom it made rebellions Nurser,
 It loyal makes, to fill their Purser:
 It causeth many a bloody Strife,
 When needy male-contents grow * rise:
 Then by it Church and State are mended,
 And will be till the World be ended,
 Master, we all observe and mark,
 Since ye once doubt, ye will embark.
 Why do ye Conscience so neglect?
 Or, what, Master, can ye expect?
 Although among the Whiggs ye Preach,
 A Bishoprick ye cannot reach:
 For Bishopricks are giv'n to none
 Like Presbyterian *John Gillon*,
 Who, when he takes his Preaching Turn,
 Will make more laugh, than he makes mourn.
 Ye have infus'd in us Sedition,
 Ye will us leave in that Condition:

* Rise, *Common.*

And

And then cause Print a *Book of Season*,
 Tax whom ye have seduc'd of Treason,
 And when so doing all men see,
 Ye sing the *Psalm* of *Lee*.
 The Cavaliers will still you call
 The Archeist Rebel of us all.
 Thus having said, he made a halt,
 And stood, like *Lot's* Wife turn'd to Salt,
 With Ear attentive, earnest Eye,
 He did expect the Knights Reply.

KNIGHT.

Who stroak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip,
 And wip'd his Nose, and scratch'd his Hip,
 He wry'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
 He changed more than twenty Hues ;
 His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter,
 His Eyes turn'd up, his Bum did clatter,
 His Tongue on Teeth, and Gums did hammer,
 He fain would speak, but still did stammer :
 His Garb was strange, dreadful, uncouth,
 Till through his Epileptick Mouth

Those

Those following Speeches fierce and loud,
 Burst out, like Thunder through a Cloud.
 Thou poysons all, my little *Grex*,
 Thou sentence-speaking *Carnifer*:
 Thou hardy and presumptuous are
 To meddle so with Peace and War;
 Rub my Horse-belly, and his Coats,
 And when I get them, dight my Boots;
 For they are better then Gramashes
 For me, who through the Dubbs so plashe:
 Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
 Those of the Priest of *Livingston*;
 Who, when they hid them in the Riggs,
 Said they were plundr'd by the Whiggs,
 Unto another Priest, his * Marrow,
 Who sent a Maid his Boots to borrow,
 Whose Boots were plundered indeed,
 As was his Salt Beef, and his Steed.
 Teach what I please, thou'lt not forbear
 To meddle with things without thy Sphear,

* Marrow, Companion.

Like Taylors making Boots or Shoes,
 Or like Shoo-makers making Hofs.
 Like some I know, as blind as Owls,
 Playing at Tennice, and at Bowls,
 And sometime Shooting at a Mark,
 Like *Passavantius* playing the Clerk,
 Who meddled with, he knew not what,
 That he might get from *Rome* a Hat :
 Men oft by change of station tines,
 Good Lawyers may prove bad Divines :
 Like † *Sadoletto's* Dog in Satine,
 Like *Ignoramus* speaking Latin ;
 Which raised most unnatural Jarrs,
 As between Law and Gospel Wars.
 Like || *Bembo's* Parrot singing Masses,
 Like men of seventy Courting Lasses ;

† *Sadoletto*, Was a very Learned Cardinal :
 He was B. of Carpentras, and in great Esteem
 for his Learning with the Popes, Leo X. Cle-
 ment VII. and Paul III. He Died in 1547.

|| *Bembo's* Parrot, This was Cardinal Bembo,
 famous for his Poetry and the Elegancy of his
 Stile : He was Secretary to Leo X.

Like Highland Ladies † knoping Speeches,
 When they are scolding for the Breeches.
 Like *Massionello* freeing *Naples*
 From *Gabells* put on Roots and Apples.
 Like Taylors scanning State concerns,
 Or Coblers clouting Church Governments.
 Like some attempting Tricks in *Statics*,
 Not vers'd in *Euclid's* Mathematicks.
 Like Pipers mending *Morley's* Musick,
 Or Gardners *Paracelsus* Physick.
 Like Atheists pleading Law refuges;
 Like § Countrey Treisters turning Judges.
 Like Preachers stirring up Devotions,
 By Preaching Military Motions;
 Proving their Uses and *Didacticks*,
 By passages of *Ælian's* *Tacticks*.
 Like Ladies making water standing,
 Like young Lairds, Horse & Foot commanding.
 Like Monkeys playing on a Fiddle,
 Or Eunuchs on a Ladies middle.

† Knoping Speeches, i. e. Pretending to speak finely.

§ Countrey Treisters, Referees, who compose Differences among Neighbours. Like

Like * Gilliwetfoots purging States
 By Papers thrown in Pocks or Hats,
 That they might be, when purg'd from dung,
 Secretaries for the *Irish* Tongue.

Great Wounds, yet curable, still fester,
 When Fools presume to rule their Master ;
 As sad experience teach'd of late,
 When such reformed Church and State :
 Though all the Publick did pretend,
 All almost had a private end.

There was no place of War, or State,
 But was by twenty aimed at ;
 Whereof nineteen were disappointed,
 Which made the Body whole disjoyned ;
 And rais'd among them such Divisions,
 That they were to their Friends Derisions.

Some aim'd at the *Embroidered Purse* :

Some the *Finances* to *deburse*,

And other some thought to be Getters,

By writing of the *Privy Letters* :

* Gilliwetfoots, the Attendants on High-land Chieftains.

Some aim'd at Privy Seal, or Rolls,
 Some Customs gathered in, and Tolls :
 Some did dry Quarterings enforce,
 Some lodg'd in Pockets Foot and Horse :
 Yet still Bogg-scanted, when they yoaked,
 For all the Garrison in their Pocket :
 And some made men mortgage their Lands,
 To lend Money on publick Bands,
 To be paid at the Resurrection :
 Some Fines paid who oppos'd Defection :
 Some sold the Souldiers Mity Meal,
 And some did from the Publick steal :
 And some, as every body says,
 Us'd more than other twenty ways :
 Yet notwithstanding of all that,
 They were lean Cows devouring fat.
 None gained by those bloody Fairds,
 But two three Beggars, who turn'd Lairds ;
 Who stealing publick Geese and Wedders,
 Were freed, by rendering Skin and Feathers,

When

When others of this Church and Nation
Return unto their former Station :

And now, for all their Stomachs stout,
Comes home more Fools than they went out.

Thou, like a Fire-brand, dost advise
Us to be Fools, when all are wise :

Thy endeavours are all in vain,
Ere we shall play such Pranks again,

The *Patagons* shall Masses mumble,

The Dons of *Spain* shall all be humble,

Italians shall speak as they think,

Germans, when Sun's set, shall not drink ;

Swedes gaining day, shall not pile Baggage,

And *English* hate shall Beef and Cabbage ;

The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jarr,

Danes shall gain by a *Swedish* War ;

Victorious *Turk* shall stand to reason,

Scots shall be beat, and not blame Treason ;

The *Dutch* shall Brandy slight, and Butter,

And *England* Conquer by *De Ruyter* :

The first burnt Ardor of *French* Hearts

Shall not turn to a rack of Farts,

And they shall spell as they do speak,
 And they shall sing as they do prick :
 With Oaths they shall not lard their Speeches,
 Nor change the fashion of their Breeches.
 All shall have for assured News,
 The *Pope* from *Rome* has banish'd Stews :
 Rebellion shall return from Hell ;
 And do things which I will not tell.
 Though it were true, as some compares
 Our Bishops unto baiting Bears,
 Who, if they be not kept in awe,
 They will tear all with Teeth and Paw.
 Yet many utterly mislikes,
 That Butcher Presbyterian * tycks
 Should flee upon their Throats and Faces,
 To curb their Lordships, and their Graces :
 His Majesty, without all doubt,
 Should only ring them in the Snout.
 If they so swell, that none can bide
 Their Malice, Avarice, and Pride ;

* Tycks, Dogs.

Vices, which all the World doth ken
 Familiar to Clergy-men;
 Of which, though covered with Art,
 Our Presbyterians had their part.
 Our Duty is, with all Submission,
 To press the grant of our Petition :
 The King will suffer us, perchance,
 As *Lewis* doth *Hugonots* in *France* :
 And in his Wars, Civil and Foreign,
 Make me Command in Chief, like *Turrain*.
 And though he grant not our Demands,
 Away with *Covenants* and *Bands* ;
 Kings must command, we must obey,
 They Rebels are, who truth gain-say.
 Some tell, we must the truth so love,
 As of it not to quit a Hoof ;
 As said another Fool, thy † marrow,
 As if his Majesty were *Pharo*.
 For my part, ere I trouble Peace,
 I'll Bishops call, *My Lord and Grace* ;

† Marrow, *Fellow*.

And kneel at the Communion Table,
 Make Christmas-Fests, if I be able:
 Private Sacraments I'll avow
 Childrens confirming I'll allow ;
 And I will hear the Organs play,
 And *Amen* to the Service say.
 I'll Surplice wear, and High-fleev'd Gown,
 And to the Altar I'll bow down.
 Yea, ere his Majesty be wroth,
 I'll *Primate* be, and *Chancellor* both.

SQUIRE.

The Squire replied in a Chaff,
 He grin'd so, that he seem'd to laugh :
 And when ye travel in Carosses,
 Ye will salute the High-way Crosses ;
 And when with danger ye are prest,
 Ye will cross, sign Fore-head and Breast,
 And ye will to our Lady pray,
 And travel on the Sabbath day ;
 And ye will play with Lords and Lairds,
 All Sermon-time at Dice and Cards ;

And

And Duels fight, like those of *France*,
 And Drunk and Creeple lead a Dance ;
 And ye will venture Ax and Rope,
 By writing Letters to the Pope,
 To tell him, though ye here be *Haman*,
 Ye worship with the King, like *Naman*,
 And then accuse us all of Treason,
 When ye put out your *Book of Season*.

KNIGHT.

The Knight look'd fiercely then about,
 Thus thundering with a dreadful Shout,
 Constant Madnefs thy Brains intrhals,
 Thou hast no Lucid Intervalls.
 Thy Waspish Tongue will never fail
 To prat, to scold, revile and rail :
 Though men should bray thee all to Powder,
 Thou still, *Theristes*, plays the louder,
 All honest and unbyass'd * ken
 Those whom thou means't, were worthy men ;

* Ken, *Know*.

They had some Faults, though not so big,
 As rotten Flees, to spoil a * Pigg
 Of Ointment ; sooner it is known,
 We others Faults see, than our own.
 Presbyterian, never one
 Faultless at them could cast a Stone.
 It's certain, it comes from the Devil,
 To hide men's good, and tell their Evil ;
 They never learned that of *Paul*,
 Or *David*, when he mourn'd for *Saul*.
 Thou art a Cocks-comb, void of reason,
 To tell me of a *Book of Season* :
 Thou learn'd'st when thou kept Sheep & Hogs,
 With one Stone for to hit two Dogs.
 Though thou spue Venom like a Toad,
 That Book is much esteem'd abroad.

SQUIRE.

The Squire replied, many deem
 Beyond Sea it is in Esteem :

* Pigg, a Pot.

When once it pass'd *Pentland Firth*,
 It rais'd among them such a Mirth,
 That some for laughter burst their Reins,
 And other some did split their Spleens :
 They cherish'd it in every School,
 To be their *Bibliotheca's* Fool ;
 When serious reading Health did spill,
 That they might read and laugh their Fill :
 Physicians it prescrib'd to Men
 As Cure approved for the Spleen :
 At Publick Meetings and at Feasts,
 It was the Topicks of their Jest.
 Some say, since known all his Life
 To have had with the Bishop's Strife :
 Since for the Covenant none more wood,
 To make three Nations swim in Blood :
 Since he spar'd none whom he could reach,
 Who 'gainst the || *Engagement* did not Preach :

|| The Engagement, Call'd also the Duke's
Engagement, because D. Hamilton headed the
Scotch Army, which entred England the middle
 of June, 1648. They were routed at *Preston*
 in *Lancashire*, by *Cromwel's Army*.

Since

Since to the Cause he stuck so fast,
 Since Bishops was restor'd at last,
 That in the Pulpit he did grant
 A Bishop was the Devils Plant.
 Giving to all his Hearers leave,
 If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave.
 And since, as every body says,
 He chang'd in less than twenty Days :
 It's very like, at others § budding,
 He turn'd his Coat for Cake and Pudding.
 Some say, he is a sounding Brass,
 Which signifies a pratling Ass :
 He brings no reason which can bind,
 But only fights against the Wind,
 It's clear, that it doth with him fare
 As with *Sampson* without his Hair.
 Before his change his Wit was tough,
 And he could reason well enough :
 But now he * kytheth like a Fool,
 As one would whip a Boy at School,

§ Budding, *Bribing*.

* Kytheth, *Appears*.

To vent in Print so little reason,
 And call it an Advice in Season.
 Some say, that he treads Bishop's Path,
 As *David* serv'd the King of *Gath*.
 Though men to censure him be rash,
 He gives the Bishops such a Dash,
 They need not brag their cause is won
 By the Foster of *Henderson*.
 Some say, he Bishops doth betray,
 That Presbytry may gain the Day,
 Who fed him for their Champion hidden,
 Others affirm, they are out bidden ;
 Which makes him take a contrair Task,
 As *Edward* answered once *Southesk*.
 A modest man wrote in a Letter,
 He might have pleaded * mickle better.
 The charitable do not fear,
 But for a thousand Marks a year
 He would the Bishops yet withstand,
 If Covenanters rul'd the Land.

* Mickle, much.

KNIGHT.

Then said the Knight, though in a Morter
 I Bray this Fool, to no Exhorter
 Thou wilt give Ear; he'll put thee to it.

SQUIRE.

To whom the Squire, what though he do it,
 Both Reason there and Justice halts,
 Where one's blam'd for anothers Faults.
 Was never Judge did things so foul,
 Except himself, once at St. * Rule:
 He forg'd Records, and them enacted
 To bear false Witness, when Extracted.
 I cannot tell, till I advise,
 Whether he did it twice or thrice.
 Next, I will tell that he gave leave
 If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave,
 But he can challenge no Reflection
 Put on him at his own Direction:
 He is oblig'd to keep his Word
 As well as one who wears a Sword.

* St. Rule, The name of a Place.

But if he chance to be so wroth,
 As to break Word, as well as Oath,
 I'll tell him, I take frantick Fits,
 And am distracted of my Wits,
 As he, and others said of late,
 When they misguided Church and State.
 And I them tax'd of forg'd Records,
 As I can prove before the Lords ;
 If that succeed not, it * effeers
 That I be judged by my *Peers*,
 That is, by fifteen Poetasters,
 Half Fools, half Beggars, half Burlesquers :
 All of them proved Drinkers, Whorers,
 By Preachers, Forgers and Perjurers.
 Ere such a Jury can be gotten,
 Its certain I'll be dead and rotten ;
 Or if Justice so shall halt,
 As to cause hang me for this Fault ;
 Hanging to me will be less Trouble,
 Than worrying on a windy Bubble
 At a Dike-side, or under a Stair,
 If Weather be not very fair.

* Effeers, *Appears*. K KNIGHT

But then the Knight, we hear, he'l quarrel,
That thou once served * *Albemarle*.

SQUIRE.

To which the Squire, I have no fears,
He dare not challeng't for his Ears ;
For I can make appear to all
They tofs'd me to him like a Ball.
Next, ask that Duke, in any thing
If ever I did prejudge the King.
I forc'd was to Dissimulation,
To shun a Rope, and serve my Nation :
I did no Evil, but mickle good,
Saving mens Money, and their Blood ;
Which Services I did for nought,
Which were from men far richer bought.
That Duke can tell, he did suspect it,
Albeit to try, he did neglect it :
When by their crafty Instigation ;
He urg'd was to my Accusation.

* *Albemarle, General Monk.*

They all tell now of *Albemarle*,
 But they told him another Quarrel,
 In pleading I could touch a String,
 Whose sound will make their Ears to ring.

KNIGHT.

The Knight said, tush, they'l no more stir,
 Than Moon, when bark'd at by a Curr.
 For all thy prat, on no Condition
 I mind to alter the Petition.

SQUIRE.

Then said the Squire, if ye'l not mend it,
 Advise at least, by whom to send it,
 Since we Petition for Religion,
 Your Lady, or your Dog, or Pidgeon
 Were fittest to be sent, if another,
 I'm sore afraid we lose a Brother :
 For I dare swear upon th'Evangell,
 When he hath got from each his *Angel*,
 To help his Charges to defray,
 The Fellow will us all betray.

[100]
KNIGHT.

When things succeed not; Fools do * flite,
Giving betraying all the Wite,
Replied the Knight, they said of late
They were betray'd, when they were beat;
And they said true, who did not stand,
Betrayed are by Heart and Hand.
But to the point, as for my Wife,
I'll never send her in my Life;
For fear some Courtier or other
Would make me old King *Arthur's* Brother.
My Dog is an unruly Cur,
And at the Court will keep a Stir,
Seeing *Conformists* up and down,
He barks so at the High sleev'd Gown,
That Bishops either will cause stone him,
Or else turn Butcher Dogs upon him.
As for my Pidgeon, it cannot be,
She hath another way to flee:
A Message she did take in hand,
To search for that most happy Land,

* Flite, *Scold*.

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Unknown to any heretofore,
 But only to * *Sir Thomas More* :
 Where we intend to fix Plantation,
 If forc'd to change our Habitation.
 And since a Poet rightly hits,
 That greatest Fools have greatest Wits,
 To shun false dealing, it is fit
 To choose one not o'rgrown in Wit :
 So he can Buffonize, and Jest,
 At publick Meeting, and at Feast,
 And catch a time to tell the truth,
 Like *David's* great Grand-mother *Ruth*.
 The Whiggs with an applauding Hallow
 Cry'd out, his Counsel they would follow:
 Which once concluded, all arose,
 And set on Pans to make their *Brose*.
 When after that some Fools were named
 To be employ'd, they all were blamed :
 And none thought fit, they still enquire,
 And find none fitter than the Squire,

* *Sir Thomas More*, viz. *his Utopia*.

On him they enforc'd the Message,
 When he went out on his Embassage,
 How at the Court he did arrive,
 How to affront him they did strive :
 And how all Buffons he confuted,
 How * *Hudibras* his Squire he routed,
 When they two yoaked by the Ears
 About the baiting of the Bears :
 And how he manag'd every thing,
 And how he did harangue the King :
 And how he cited ends of Verse,
 And sayings of Philosophers ;
 At which some laugh'd, and some were vex'd,
 Ye'l be advertis'd by the next.

* *Hudibras's Squire, viz. Ralph the Seſtary.*

WHIGGS.
SUPPLICATION,
A
Mock - Poem.



PART II.

When Bushes budded, and Trees did || chip,
And Lambs by Suns approach did skip;
When Mires grew hard, like toasted Bread,
That men might through the * *Carfes* ride:
When folks drew blood of Arms and Legs,
When Geese and Turkies hatched Eggs:
When poor folks Pots were fill'd with Nettles,
When Fish did domineer in Kettles;

|| Chip, *Blossom.* * *Carfes*, *Low Grounds.*
When

When *Zent* did fore annoy the Glutton,
 When || *Sun* left *Fish* to lodge with *Mutton* :
 When night and day were of like length,
 Of *March* the eighth, or twelfth, or tenth :
 When several Criticks, great and small,
 By mending Lines, did mar them all.
 When Transcribers preposterous speed
 Made them like Pictures spoil'd with Threed
 On Arras Hangings back-side, when
 The great Mistakes of some men
 Made several great wits of the Land
 Blame what they did not understand ;
 And some to hunt a Flea contrive ;
 The Squire near *London* did arrive :
 To meet him old and young came forth,
 As *Rome* did once to see *Jugurth*.
 They knew each passage of his Journal,
 Both by report and by Diurnal :
 We dread, they will him fore abuse,
 But let us first invoke the Muse.

¶ i. e. When the Sun left *Pisces*, and entred
Aries.

Thou

Thou Muse, who never dost abandon
 Those who have scarce a Leg to stand on ;
 When they ascend *Parnassus* Mountain,
 Till in the end they taste a Fountain
 Which makes them than an Owl sing sweeter ;
 Make me once more a Fool in Meeter,
 That I may be of all admired,
 Confuting Presbytry, cashiered ;
 Which I of late so much adored,
 But now, when I get nothing for it,
 Make me, O Muse ! to change my Note,
 Declare against it, turn my Coat :
 Compesce me, Muse, these stout Bravadoes
 Of these stiff-necked Reformadoes,
 Who still maintain, unto this Day,
 They have th' Office, though they want Pay ;
 In others Harvest putting their Sickles,
 Troubling the Land with Conventicles ;
 Whose stubborn Hearts cannot be turned
 By the Dialogues of * *Gilbert Burnet*.

* *Gilbert Burnet*, *Now Bishop of Salis-*
bury.

Prove, Muse, that Synod-men, Church-wardens
 Are Bears, and Synods are Bear Gardens :
 For both have tongues, and teeth, and nails,
 But, Muse, what wilt thou do for tails ?
 But that's all one, the matter's small,
 For true Bears have no tails at all :
 And so the Simile still jumps,
 In stead of Tails thou'lt find there rumps.
 When thou shews how the Squire disputed,
 And *Ralph* the Sectary confuted,
 That he of wits almost bereft him :
 But to the Squire now where we left him.

He melted all in tears for pity,
 Seeing the * ruins of the City :
 But when he saw in other places
 Houses arise with goodly Faces,
 And Turrets mounting up, and soaring,
 And the Air's middle Region † booming ;

* Ruins of the City, *this was after the Fire of London.*

† Booming, Piercing.

So Phoenix, when it's burnt in Spices,
 Up starts another from its Ashes.
 Cry'd out the Squire, *Rome* once was burn'd
 By *French*, then Worlds Mistress turn'd,
 God may the same to *London* grant,
 If it renew the **COVENANT**.
 While this he spoke, his Horse he lights off,
 And with his Handkerchief he dights off
 Tears from his Eyes, then on the Ground
 He groveling lyes meditating,
 His Horses grievous succussion
 Had so excoriat his Foundation,
 That till the Hide his Hips did come on,
 The Earth he could not set his Bum on.
 Then after sad Ejaculations,
 He vents these following Meditations.

Wallace, quoth he, having adoe,
 Still eat the quarter of a Cow,
 And to the Boot, e're Cloaths were put on,
 He would sometimes dispatch a Mutton :

For when he wanted morning Fare,

He was like *Sampson* without Hair.

A Priest, whose Teeth did Head & Legs swell,
Did still eat Powder'd Beef and Eggs twelve
Before he Preach'd, else he half dumb sings,
Like to a Fiddle wanting some Strings.

Hence, by experience I gather,

He is a Liar, though my Father,

Who thinks, a man can do or speak well,

Who doth neglect his fast to break well.

I am engag'd in a Transaction,

Quoth he, requiring Tongue and Action,

That to my Tackling I may fast stick,

Though I should lose my Ears like *Bastwick*;

Tho' they should tye me Heel and Neck fast,

It's requisite I take my Break-fast.

This said, his Budget he unlooseth,

And all the Wealth within discloseth;

Which

Which for variety did scorn

The wealthy * *Amalthea's Horn*;

On the rich † *Abbey of St. Lawrence,*

Or Cabine of the Duke of *Florence,*

Just like the Pocks of || *Graham and Guthry,*

It was his *Wardrobe* and his *Buttery*;

* *Amalthea's Horn*, Diodorus Siculus says, that *Amalthea* was a Goat so called by Jupiter, which, when she was grown up, he translated into the Sky, together with her Two Kids, he gave one of her Horns to the Daughters of *Melissus K. of Crete* for their careful Attendance upon him when he was young, it had that Property, that whatever they desired, they should be largely furnished withal out of it, that gave rise to the *Cornucopia* of the Ancients, and still us'd by our Painters, as a sign of Plenty.

† The *Abbey of St. Lawrence*, In the *Escorial*, a Village Six Leagues from *Madrid*: The Church is a fair Structure, adorn'd with fine Pictures, and Brass Figures Gilt; the Grand Altar is raised upon an Ascent of Seventeen Steps of *Porphyry*, Environ'd with four Rows of *Jasper Columns*, and the *Pyx* for the Host is valu'd at 500000 Crowns: The *Palace, Monastery* and *Colledge* were Twenty Five Years a building; the Charges came to near 3130102 Pounds of English Money.

|| *Graham and Guthry*, Two noted sturdy Beggars.

His *Lardner* and his *Bibliothek*,
 There lyes of Oatmeal near a Peck,
 With Water's help which || Girdles hot bakes,
 And turns to Bannocks, and to Oat Cakes.
 There a piece Beef, there a piece Cheese lyes,
 And there an old Night-Cap of Freez lyes,
 His Head attire, when he the House keeps,
 On which now here and there a Louse creeps.
 Here lyes a pair of Shooes ne're put on,
 And there lyes a Poor Man of Mutton.
 There lyes half dozen elnes of Pig-tail,
 There his Panash, a Capons big-tail,
 With white in middle, shining Star-like,
 And there be Onion-heads and Garlick,
 The food of Turkish Janizaries,
 There Turpentine and Larie Berries:
 His Medicine for * passage sweer,
 That for the † Van, these for the § Rear;

|| Which Girdles, *Gridirons*.

* Passage sweer, *Costiveness*.

† That for the Van, § These for the Rear,
The one for vomiting, the other for purging.

And

And there a piece of Powdered Fish lyes ;
 And there some Butter in a Dish lyes ;
 There Turnips thirty Inch about lyes ;
 And there some Pepper in a Clout lyes ;
 There Fingram Stockings spun on || Rocks lyes,
 And there his Sneezing Milne and Box lyes :
 There lyes his * Elson and his Lingle,
 Which double-foald Shoes makes of single,
 With help of old pieces of Leather ;
 There lyes some Wool that he did gather,
 Left by the Sheep, as certain Pledges,
 They were entangled in the Hedges :
 There Clouts and Papers little Mugs stops,
 As in Apothecaries Drug-shops,
 With Vinegar and Oyl for Sallads ;
 And there lyes Books, and here lyes Ballads,
 As *Davie Lindsay*, and *Gray-steel*,
 † *Squire Meldrum*, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell*.

|| *Rocks*, *Distaff*.

* *Elson*, and his *Lingle*, *His Aul and Shoe-makers Thread*.

† *Squire Meldrum*, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell*,
Scotch Knights Errant.

There *Bruce & Wallace*, fierce-like *Mars* Knights:
 There lyes *Dialogues* which his Arse dights
 There *Last good night*, and *Chevie Chace*,
 With *Gens d' Arms* in the Frontispiece,
 Which makes more weep, when they read on it
 Than Curats Sermons, fie upon it !
 And there lyes Bands, Shirts, and Cravats,
 There two three Skins of Lambs and Rabbets,
 For to commence a *London Trade*,
 And this was all the Wealth he had.
 But pardon me I had forgot,
 There was some other thing I wot ;
 I think it Powder was, and Lead
 To shoot the Bishop through the Head.

He takes a Bible with Covering worn off,
 And ending and beginning torn off :
 He reads and then he says the Grace,
 Then to his Victuals falls apace.
 When first bit scarce down throat was sliding,
 Within a days march of the * midding,

* Midding, *Dunghill*.

Then he a multitude espies.

Approaching him with shouts and Cries,

He leaves his Victuals, falls a-gazing,

Just like a Tupp when he's a grazing.

When folks comes by, he flights his Food,

Stares in their Face and chews his Cud.

He thought these Fools came out to meet him,

That first they might salute and greet him,

That afterwards they might him bring

With greater Pomp unto the King.

Such honour at their entry-hours

Are due unto Embassadors.

Both dust and sweat from Face he rubs off,

A Looking-glass he makes the Dubs of :

He trims his Beard, and then his Head too ;

Right Basket-hilt on Shoulder-Blade too :

His Hands he washes, pairs his Nails

Takes his Panash of Capons Tails,

Which he pins on before his Hat ;

He put about a clean Cravat ;

And then upon his Hands he stretches

Two yellow Gloves, with green Silk stitches ;

Leaps to his Horse, and on he went,
 To take and give the Compliment :
 While Hips excoriat, made him swaddle
 Through all the corners of the Saddle.

When he the multitude approaches,
 His Eyes he fixt first on the Coaches,
 Ranged like wild-geese in a Line ;
 Then cryed he out, no friend of mine
 If I can hinder, those shall enter.

'Tis wonder People so should venture,
 To break their Arms, and Legs, and Heads,
 And to disjoynt their Shoulder Blades ;
 Ladies to have their naked Breeches
 Both view'd and Lanced by the * Leeches ;
 Which made some husbands forth a Tuck hold
 Swearing the Rogue would make 'em Cuckold.
 Those made a Lady of our Land
 Upon her neck and shoulders stand,
 With a third of half dozen Thighs,
 Naked erected to the Skies ;
 And e're that posture she was got off,
 Many did see the thing ye wot off :

* Leeches, Surgeons.

Which

Which when they told her, readily
 She answered, she wondred why
 They did not kiss't, and take their leave on't,
 It was the last sight they should have on't :
 She vow'd thereafter, well I wot,
 With her Grand-dame to walk a-foot.
 When Coach-men drinks, and Horses stumble
 It's hard to miss a * Barla-fumble.

Then did he seriously begin
 Well to consider those within :
 He soon perceived by their Postures
 They were no Nuns brought up in Cloysters.
 To show their Legs, some trust their Laps,
 Some throw off Scarfs to show their Paps,
 Some Masked were, the Sun to keep out,
 Which lifting, now and then, they peep out.
 Widows from Vails set out their Noses,
 As Snails do from their Shelly Houses ;
 As they would say unto the Gallants,
 Come, Gentlemen, behold our Talents :

* Barla-fumble, *A Fall.*

Come nearer, that we may espy you,
 If ye be ought worth, we will buy you :
 Where, ten to one, some get a Fortune,
 As one did with my Lady *Nortoun*.

Among the rest he did espy ones,
 Whom he conceived to be Hee-ones :
 Those he believed were his Mates,
 Embassadors of Kings and States,
 To do him honour at his Entry,
 With the Nobility and Gentry :
 He cry'd to them to keep the peace,
 And not to wrangle for the Place,
 For all of them remembred well,
 Of that Bowtrad of *Bateveile*,
 Which cost the lives of brave Commanders,
 And well nigh lost his Master *Flanders*.
 He bids them all take place by Lots,
 No King had place, but he, of *Scots*,
 Whose Royal Ancestors, 'tis clear
 Has kept one Race two thousand year ;

Whose

Whose Successors as yet escaped
 The tricks of * *Pipin*, and *Hugh Capet*.
 Others are not of that condition,
 They'r Kings but of a late Edition :
 Though some be small, and others greater,
 Yet who go first, or last, no matter ;
 For all their Gold, Spices, and Wines,
 They come from interrupted Lines.

Being inform'd of his Mistake,
 It was to Ladies that he spake.
 What Devil they are ? replied the Squire,
 They'r men in Garb, and in Attire,
 They've Vests, they've Swords, they've Periwigs,
 They tread the measure of he Giggs,
 Just like the men, their Buttocks vaper,
 They cast their Gammonds up, and Caper ;

† The Tricks of *Pepin* and *Hugh Capet*,
 The First of Two Races of the Kings of France,
 who had no Title by Bloud to the Succession ; this
 they supplied by their good Conduct, but the
 Kings of Scotland have always been of the same
 Family.

They

They Cajole Ladies at the Balls too,
 And standing piss against the Walls too :
 They're Spur'd & Booted when they ride too,
 And gallop, when they Hunt, astride too,
 With Swords and Pistols they fight hard too,
 Some have appearance of a Beard too :
 And, which of all's the greatest wonder,
 They lye above, their Gallants under.
 Me's Dames, quoth he, that we may ken
 Whether ye women be, or men,
 It's fit ye open keep before
 About a Trencher breadth, or more.
 Ye're Monsters, if that do not measure
 The Circuits of your Holes of Pleasure.

While he was giving this Advice,
 They all surround him in a trice,
 All wondring at his Equipage:

Some ask'd his Horses price, and age:
 If there came symphathetick Speed
 From Riders heel, or heel of Steed ;

If there came an enchanting force
 To Masters Purse, from Skin of Horse;
 Some, why no Spurs, his side to claw,
 And for Boots, several Ropes of Straw:
 Why Sodds for Saddle, and Branks for Bridle,
 And Plaids for Scarf about his middle.
 Some asked his Panashes price,
 If't was a Bird of Paradise.

Some ask'd if Basket-Hilt and * Dudgeon
 Had ever set a work Chirurgeon,
 Some Jeer'd the long Crown of his Hat;
 Some at his Gloves, some his Cravat,
 Asking more Questions at once
 Then would have puzzled † John of Duns,

* Dudgeon, Sword.

† John of Duns, Johannes Scotus, so called from the Town of Duns in Scotland, the place of his Nativity: He was a great Schoolman, and Founder of the Sect call'd the Scotists: He is call'd Doctor Subtilis, because an acute Logician, was well skill'd in Natural Philosophy, Metaphysicks, Mathematicks and Astronomy: When he taught at Oxford, he had 30000 Scholars. He Died at Cologne, 1308.

Or || *Bonaventure*, or *Socinus*,

Or § *Biel*, (a) *Ockam*, or (b) *Aquinas*.

When *Sinan Bassa* Charg'd a Hill,
To try his Military Skill :
Though many a grievous Wound it got
By Cannon, and by Musquet shot,
The Hill did neither bow nor bend,
Although he charg'd it thrice on end,

|| *Bonaventure*, He was a Cardinal, One of the Schoolmen, and was call'd the Seraphick Doctor. He Died 1274.

§ *Biel*, Was born at Spire in the Fifteenth Century. He wrote Commentaries upon the Master of the Sentences.

(a) *Ockam*, An Englishman, a Franciscan Friar, the Disciple of Scotus, was the Chief of that Party of the Schoolmen call'd Nominals, Was call'd Doctor Invincibilis: He was an Enemy to the Popes Temporal Power over Princes, for which the Learned of Paris Excommunicated him.

(b) *Aquinas*, He new modell'd the School-Divinity; wherefore he was call'd the Angelick Doctor: He Died in 1274. In 1323. John XXII. Canoniz'd him. His Works are in Thirteen Volumes.

But

But still abode him face to face,
 Chusing to die upon the place,
 Rather than turn its back and yield ;
 Just so the Squire did keep the Field ;
 And bravely did receive their Tongue-shot,
 Just as the Hill did *Sinan's* Gun-shot :
 He stood as senseless as a Stock is,
 Or among raging Waves, a Rock is,
 When furiously they knock its Crown,
 To make it break, or make it drown.
 At last, he said, with sober Grace,
 When ye grow hoarse ye'll hold your Peace.
 Then fair and softly on he tripped,
 For, like a *Spaniard* when he's whipped,
 He thought it was a great Disgrace
 For to accelerate his Pace.

When they him saw so little troubled ;
 Then they their Questions redoubled ;
 Some ask'd his Errand, and his Name,
 And from what Potentate he came,
 From *Turk*, or *Sophy*, or *Mogull*,
 Who wear much Linnen on their Skull,

M

Or

Or from either *Tartarian Cham*,
 Who of their Horse Hips make a Ham,
 Or from *Pegu*, or from *Chine*,
 Or from the Emperor *Abyssine*,
 Or from the *Muscovite*, or *Pall*,
 Or *Dane*, whose chiefest Wealth is Toll,
 Or from the *Emperor*, or the *Swede*,
 Or *Hogen Mogen* Brother-hood ;
 From the *Savoyard*, or the *Swisse*,
 Who Apples seeths with roasted Geese :
 From *Florentine*, or *Portuguese*,
 Or from *Morocco*, or from *Fess* ;
 Or if he came from *Spain*, or *France*,
 Or from some *Indian Weerowance*,
 To barter Gold and Beaver Skins
 For Glasses, Beads, and Knives and Pins :
 Or from the *Presbyterian Scots*,
 Who never yet had turn'd their Coats.
 Did he a Supplication bring
 To put ill Counsel from the King ;
 And that his Majesty would grant
 Renewing of the COVENANT :

And had Commission for to tell him;
 If he refus'd, they would compel him.
 When thus they pressed him so fast,
 Patience turn'd fury at the last :
 These last Words did him so inrage,
 He fac'd about and gave a Charge ;
 Then with his Tongue out, thus he stutters,
 With face awry, like old Cheese Cutters.
 You cursed Antichristian Rabble,
 Ye Mungrels of the Whore of *Babel*,
 Ye Sectaries, and Covenant-breakers,
 Half Cuckold, and half Cuckold-makers,
 For all your flouting, and your taunting,
 When we went first a Covenanting,
 Ye did us court, ye did us bribe,
 Invited us, like *Judah's* Tribe,
 To purge your Ten Tribes of *Israel*,
 From *Jeroboam's* Calf, and *Baal* :
 Your Money mov'd our Conscience
 To arm our selves in your Defence.
 When your Intentions you had got,
 And by our means, had under Foot

Trod all your Foes, and them defeated,
 At last, we found we were but cheated.
 Your Quarrel was, pretended Bondage,
 By reason of *Tunnage* and of *Poundage*,
 To get *Militia* by Law,
 To keep his Majesty in aw :
 To free your selves when Money waxes
 From Inquisitions and Taxes :
 Your only end was self enriching,
 Your sole Religion was your Kitching.
 You valued * Puddings sodd in Pocks
 More than Religion Orthodox :
 Whereas we witness God and Angels,
 Prophets, Apostles, and Evangels,
 For trash, or any earthly thing,
 We never did oppose the King :
 Yea, all of us, both great and small
 Will quit him Lives, and Lands, and all,
 So he give way to purge the Temple,
 As pleaseth Mr. *Gabriel Semple*.
 He spoke so thick, he paus'd a little,
 And having cleans'd his Beard from Spittle,

* i. e. *Bag-Puddings*.

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Like *Tindale* at the Stake, he cries
 Lord, open the King of *Englands* Eyes,
 And then his Majesty will grant
 Renewing of the *COVENANT*.

Thus did he perorat his fliting,
 As at *Tarantum*, Spiders biting,
 They were affected * thereanent,
 According to their Temperament.
Sanguinians did only laugh,
Cholerick Melancholians chaff.
 Some bade hang him, some bade stone him,
 And some did Mastives hunt upon him.
 Some *Daple* under Tail did prick,
 And made him bounce, and leap, and kick:
 Some aim'd to tare his Straw Gramashes,
 Some cries, have at Beard and Mustaches:
 Some grasped him about the middle,
 Till Bum did sound like Gambo Fiddle:
 Some would have Breeches down to whip him,
 Some with their Nails would tear & nip him:
 Some with Briars & Thorns would scratch him;
 One fearing that they would dispatch him,

* Thereanent, Therewith. M 3 Who

Who was a man more moderate,
 He made a Court'fie with his Hat,
 And begged leave to plead his Cause
 According to the Nations Laws.

Contending with a foolish Tongue,
 Quoth he, is but a War with Dung :
 Though in the strife we prove victorious,
 Dirt makes your Finger-ends inglorious,
 As lately hapned unto one
 Who needs would quarrel, *Sanderson*,
 And prove he was a lying Knave,
 Of which, what credit could he have ;
 When he had done, he prov'd no more,
 Than all the World knew before.
 To take such Pains, imports as much
 As any doubted he were such.
 Refuting such as he with Words,
 Is like Canary washing T—ds :
 The Wine in tast and hue grows meaner,
 But T—ds grow ne'r a whit the Cleaner.

This simile though somewhat rude
 Yet so appeas'd the Multitude,

That

That by degrees their Clamour fell,
 Like sound of Lute-string, or of Bell,
 When Thumb or Hammer of a Clock
 Gives the Epilogizing Stroak.
 And in the end these furious Cryers
 Stood silent like *observant Friars*,
 Or like to Dumbies making Signs,
 Or like to Fiddles wanting Strings,
 Or like to Salmon, or to Codds,
 Or Turks, when they took in the *Rhodes*.
 Then piece and piece they dropt away,
 As ripe Plumbs in a rainy day;
 Till in the end, they all were gone,
 And left him standing all alone:
 Like as, we do observe and see
 In those who are condemn'd to Die,
 That they are sore annoy'd and troubled,
 At first when they cast off their Doublet,
 Truss up their Hair, their Eyes blind-fold,
 That they may not grim Death behold:
 Thinking their Neck, the Stroak is hard on,
 If any tell them of a Pardon,

Although

Although their Heart be lighted somewhat,
 Yet Fear and Hope fight still a Combate,
 Till that they hear the Air to ring
 With Clamours of, *God save the King* :
 Then hope triumphs, and Fear doth vanish,
 Like Grief, when it's expell'd by *Spanish* :
 Just so the Squire, when all at once
 They him opprest with Fists and Stones,
 A gelid Fear his Heart possessed :
 His final Hour approach't he guesst :
 Trembling he stood, in a Quandary,
 And purg'd, as he had eaten Lary ;
 As was confirmed by the Speeches
 Of those who after wash'd his Breeches.
 When he perceived the Retreat,
 That Flight, Quoth he, is but a Cheat,
 Like that of *Greeks*, for to destroy
 An ancient City, called *Troy*,
 By help of that Tree Horse of *Pallas* :
 It is some stratagem of *Wallace*,

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Who in a * Pig-mans Weed, at Bigger
 Espied all the *English* Leagure.
 But when he found by certain trial,
 The Retreat was not forg'd, but real,
 Then did he Resolution show,
 And like a Cock began to crow.

One man, quoth he, oft times hath stood,
 And put to Flight a Multitude,
 Like *Sampson*, *Wallace*, and Sir *Bewis*,
 And *Finmacoul* beside the *Lewes*,
 Who in a † Bucking time of year
 Did rout and chace a Herd of Deer,
 Till he behind, and they before,
 Did run a Hundred Miles and more,
 Which questionless prejudg'd his Toes,
 For *Red-shanks* then did wear no Shooes;
 For to this day they wear but Calf ones;
 Or, if of older Leather, half ones.
 He chafed them so furiously,
 That they were forc'd to take the Sea,

* Pigman, *A Porter*.

† Bucking, *Rutting*.

And swam from *Cowel* into *Arran*,
 In which Soil, though it be but barren,
 As learned Antiquaries say,
 Their Off-spring lives unto this Day.
 But pardon me for such Digressions,
 For, were it not for such Expressions
 Which from the Muses we extort,
 Our Poems would be very short.

Then did the Squire obtest, and pray,
 And them conjur'd that they would stay,
 For he had Quarrel against none
 But *Ralph* the Squire, and *Sanderson*,
 Which two, as every body knows,
 Are Presbyterian's mortal Foes :
 Th' one calls them Bears by Allegory,
 That other *Fellow* wrot a Story,
 In which he doth them scandalize so,
 That all the Devils blush, he lies so ;
 Thinking it would be liked well,
 He sent a Copy into Hell,
 To be perus'd in a Committee ;
 Then said a Devil which was witty,

It

It serves for nothing tell the Fool
 But to be Napkins at the Stool,
 When men exonerat their Tripes,
 Or lighting of Tobacco Pipes ;
 For Hells Affairs are ne're atchieved
 By railing Fools, of none believed :
 Hells fittest Agents, as all grants,
 Are those who are reputed Saints.
 And thus he made an end of praying.

Then all began to think of staying,
 And one another did exhort,
 For to return and see the Sport ;
 But Sanderson appeared not :
 Stout *Ralph* affrighted not a jot,
 Bravely and resolutely did fall up,
 First at the Trot, then at the Gallop ;
 Just as the *Hugonots*, Victorious
 At * *Courtras*, charg'd the Duke of *Joyeuse*,

* *Courtras* charg'd the D. of *Joyeuse*, That
 Duke was a Favourite of *Henry III.* of France.
 At Mount St. Cloi he cut in pieces Two whole
 Regiments of Protestants : He engag'd the K. of
 Navarre afterwards *Henry III.* of France at
Courtras, where the Duke's Army was routed,
 and himself Kill'd. And

And was upon him e're he * wist,
Menacing him with Tongue and Fist,
With all the Rabble in his Rear,
Who followed him to see and hear.

The Squire, who only spoke in jest,
Seeing what he expected least ;
He thought they verily were gone,
And that the Storm was over blown,
Surprized with the sudden Danger
Of *Ralph*, in such a furious Anger,
Whom he thought did already spurn him,
He knew not to what hand to turn him;
At last, his Tongue and Teeth commences
To vent Adages and Sentences.

It is a Saying wise and old,
Quoth he, to make a Bridge of Gold
To fleeing Enemies, it's best
To let a sleeping Mastive rest,
Lest he awaken'd with our knockings,
Tare all our Breeches and our Stockings,
And to the Boot, our Shin-bones hole up,
And from our Buttocks take a Collop :

* Wilt, *Knew*.

And

And with his furious Teeth our Throats cut,
 Down which we watered Meal of Oats put ;
 Which we prefer, with *Loch-Broom* Herring,
 To all the King of *Bakel's* faring.

A foolish tongue, without remeed,
 Brings mischief on the owners Head ;
 It is a pestilentious Clout,
 Causing Contagion all about ;
 It raiseth Jealousies and Fears,
 Yokes Kings and Subjects by the Ears.
 What was it else, but tittle tattle,
 That brought our Brethren out to Battle ?
 What stops them more from turning Loyal
 Than tongues of some, esteemed Royal ?
 With which they persecute those poor Souls,
 As setting Dogs do Pouts and * Muirfowls ;
 At last, within their Nets ensnared,
 And from all hope of Pardon barred,
 They force those poor men, under hand,
 Still to rebel, to get their Land.

* Muir-fowls, *Heath-Fowls*.

My tongue will bring me to that pass,
 Quoth he, to which was *Hudibras*,
 Who, when with Honour he had got off;
 In the adventure that ye wot off,
 He not content, but seeking more,
 Lost all that he had gain'd before;
 And was brought to a Prison Tragick,
 In Wooden Castle, made by Magick;
 Where he too late laments his Mishaps,
 As Ladies, when they do not miss Claps
 From Gallants, of their own procuring,
 From Husbands, when they go a-whoring.

Having dispatch'd this *Phrygian* Wisdom
 Like Malefactor getting his Doom,
 He strained what he could, to shew
A tres bon mein en mauvais Jeu.

He out with Basket-hilt and Dudgeon,
 (While from his Eyes came a Deluge on,
 As from the Eyes of Children whipped,
 Or sore Horse-eyes, with Vitriol nipped,)
 Stands at his posture, Fencer-like,
 And was within an Ace to strike;

Yet on the sudden doth advise;
To take a course by far more wise.

Wise men, quoth he, as all men knows,
Try all things first, 'ere they try Blows.
When *Rome* to Conquer all was hasting,
Peace was the first, War was the last thing;
They did practice to subdue Nations,
Who loved not such Innovations.
If I the truth of Story miss not,
This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute.
And if my reasons do no good,
I'll dye their Breeches with their Blood.
But this within himself he mutters,
And then these words to *Ralph* he utters.

What means this furious hurly burly?
Friend *Ralph*, quoth he, I tell thee surely?
I am no private man; believe,
I am a *Representative*:
To force me to Degladiations;
Is contrary to the Law of Nations:
Though thou should me bang back and side,
I could it (Honour safe) abide

Brave *Mansfield*, challeng'd by *Baumaris*,
 Refused once to fight at *Paris* ;
 Because he did Negotiate
 With Publick Trust Affairs of State.
 The *Spanish* Agent *Don Henriques*
 Put up a great Affront of *Criques*,
 Who once at *Rome*, his Pride to danton,
 His Nose saluted with a Panton.
 Dost thou esteem me such a Coward,
 To be afraid of one as thou art ?
 Thy threatnings are like Childrens Squibs,
 Tho' they finge Cloaths, they break no Ribs.
 Were it not that my Sword is rusted,
 Were it not that I am entrusted
 With things of such a high concernment,
 As Presbyterian Church-Government :
 For all thy frownings and thy Cloudings,
 I would send Sun-shine thro' thy Puddings.
 I do thee as a Friend advise,
 ('Tis better soon than late be wise)
 That thou would let alone this Sword-fight ;
 And grapple with me in a Word-fight ;

Let's

Let's try who others best can Confute,
 This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute,
 If Synod-members, and Church-wardens
 Be Bears, and Synods be Bear-Gardens.
 Thou dost affirm, I do deny,
 Prov't if thou can, I thee defy.

One might have known by *Ralpho's* Face,
 He lov'd not War so well as Peace;
 He only counterfeited Courage,
 His wrath, teeth forward, was not true rage:
 Yet he his Passion so dissembled,
 That Squire at first both shak'd and trembled!
 But when he heard the Squire speak big words,
 That in his Belly he would dig Swords,
 He looked then as if his Nose bled,
 And such a Flea within his Hose had,
 That in his mind was great Confusion;
 Till he considered the conclusion;

Where Peace was offer'd, and the War gone,
 He gave God thanks, like *¶ Praise God Bairbon*,
 A good Heart to himself he took then,
 And these same very words he spoke then,
 Which once the great Turk *Solymanus*
 Spoke to *Vilerius Liladamus* ;
 Having him under, at such Odds,
 That he was forc'd to quit the *Rhodes*.

I'm glad to hear that now thy mind
 Is more to Peace than War inclin'd ;
 Then adds he, fighting is a fool thing,
 What doth it else but strife and grief bring.
 It's better Tongues decide the matter,
 Than other Noddles pelt and batter.
 Now others Head, now others Dock hit,
 As feathered Fencers do in Cock-pit ;

¶ Praise God Bairbon, A Leather-Seller in Fleet-street : He was an Eminent Speaker in the Rump-Parliament, from whom that Parliament was denominated : He was a Sectary, and was remarkable for his Gift in Praying and Preaching.

Who

Who fights but in their own Defences,
 Let them be Kings, let them be Princes;
 By Law and Reason I them can bind,
 That they are Enemies to mankind ;
 As witnesseth Sir *Thomas Kellie*,
 And *Grotius de Jure Belli*.

What are such Warriours but oppressors,
 And many times we see aggressors :
 Who trouble other mens Reposes,
 Gain nothing else but bloody Noses.
 Who quarrels pick with Neighbour Nations,
 Get Halberts thrust thro' their Foundations,
 As we may read in many a Book
 Of *Charles* that *Burgundian Duke*.

Poor High-way men, with tattred Hose, are
 Not Robbers half so great, as those are
 Who Diadems wear on their Head,
 And make so many living Dead ;
 And so much Christian Blood mispende,
 Either for *French* or *Spanish* ends :
 Those first, poor Rogues, will pick a Pocket,
 And break a Door up when it's locked :

And

And on the High-way will a Purse take,
 When Cold and Hunger makes their Guts ake,
 Those later, with their *Armies Legions*,
 Robbs Kingdoms, Castles, Towns & Regions :
 As said two ten Tuns Ships Commander
 To *Macedonian Alexander*.

But now, let us come to the Question,
 The which was raised the Contest on,
 Since thou so hard dost put me to it,
 I'll let thee see that I can do it :
 And have both Will and Wit to reckon,
 And beat thee at thy own tongue Weapon.
 Better perhaps than thou believes,
 * I'll prove those two Affirmatives ;
 That Synod-members, and *Church-wardens*
 Are Bears, and Synods are *Bear-Gardens*.
 Thus said, his Fingers he dispatches
 Unto his Head, and winking scratches,

* I'll prove those two Affirmatives ; *All the Objections of Ralph the Sectary, against Church-Government and Ordination, are from the first part of the English Hudibras.*

First from the Van, unto the Rear,
 And then across from Ear to Ear ;
 Whilst like sagacious Hound, he traces,
 And windeth all the Topick places :
 Till in the end prepared *Saris*
 He disputes thus a *Comparatis*.

And first, quoth he, it's clear to all,
 They have the same Original :
 For twenty shillings to a * Bodle,
 Both are the birth of Human Noddle ;
 Both are in that degree of kin,
 As other Brethren *uterine*.

It's certain, there is never a word
 Of either, in Scripture, on record :
 And without Question and all doubt,
 Thus Bear-baiting may be made out
 By holy writ, as lawful as is,
 That Chain of Presbyterian *Classis*.
 This for their Birth, now for their Nature,
 If with Deliberation mature
 The case we ponder, Beasts of Prey
 And rapine, as are Bears are they,

* Bodle, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a Penny.

Who

Who do establish Gospel order.
 By Rapine, Sacrilege and Murder.
 What are their *Orders, Constitutions,*
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions?
 But several mystick Chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the Stake :
 And then set Heathen Officers,
 Instead of Dogs, about their Ears.

What else are *Synods*, but *Bear-gardens*,
 Where *Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,*
 And other members of the Court,
 Manage the *Babylonish Sport* :
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a meer word :
 Both are but several Synagogues
 Of Carnal men, and Bears, and Dogs :
 Both Antichristian Assemblies,
 To mischief bent, as far's in them lyes :
 Both stave and tail with fierce contests,
 The one with men, the other Beasts :
 The difference is, the one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth :

And

And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th'others Souls and Consciences,

This to the Prophet did appear
Who in a Vision saw a Bear
Prefiguring the beastly Rage,
Of Church-rule, in this latter age ;
Where every Hamlet is governed
By's Holiness, the Churches Head :
More haughty, and severe in's place,
Than *Hildebrand*, or *Boniface*.

Such Church, must surely be a Monster
With many Heads, for if we Conster
What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' Apostles mind ;
'Tis that the Whore of *Babylon*,
With many Heads, did ride upon.

The Pastors who do rule this Kirk,
What are they, but the handy-work
Of Mens Mechanick Paws? Instilling
Divinity in them, by feeling.
From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
As folks, by touching, get the Meazles.

So

So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th'other end, the new made Pope.
Bell and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
 More moderate than them, by far :
 For they, poor Knaves, were glad to chear,
 To get their Wives and Children Meat ;
 But these will not be sob'd off so,
 They must have VVealth and Power too ;
 Or else they'l make their party good,
 By making Nations swim in Blood.
 And thus I reasoned the Case,
 Once with my Master *Hudibras*.
 All that I said was too prolix,
 Here to repeat, I only fix
 Upon the Marrow, with a few words,

What thou hast said's not worth two Cow-
 Reply'd the Squire, and then he smites (T---s ;
 Forehead with Fist, to rouse his VVits ;
 VVhich straight did take th' Alarm so hot,
 That down to Tongue and Teeth they got :
 From whence, thus worded, out they flie,
 Like Bullets from Artillery.

Ye Sectaries, quoth he, have Bee-Heads,
 They prat, as Cerberus, with three Heads: A
 Neither of which barks any bon-sence,
 But railing, Blasphemy, and non-sence:
 Thou'rt ignorant in Logicks Art,
 As I will show thee 'ere we part.
 But to the point, now I will close,
 And reason ~~showing~~ :
 And first, I say, for my Defence,
 Thy Argument wants Consequence :
 Though things agree to both together,
 It follows not the one's the other,
 Affirmatives, in second Figure,
 Nothing conclude in Logicks League,
 Which any constant Man believes,
 So we may prove *Financiers* Thieves,
Camelions Beef and Cabbage eaters,
 And Lawyers, and Physicians, cheaters,
 That Horse are Men, and Owls are Ounces,
 That privy Councillors are Dunces :
 That Chamber-pots are Looking-Glasses,
 And Senators of Justice, Asses :

That Colledges, and Muses Caverns:
 Are Bawdie-houses turn'd, and Taverns:
 That Stews are places of Contrition,
 And Pulpets Trumpets of Sedition:
 And *Merlins* Prophecies Evangeles,
 And *Dees* Spirits, holy Angels,
 That all new Scurvies are the Pox,
 That Quakers Books are Orthodox:
 That roasted Wildeat is fed Lamb,
 That *Gresham* Colledge is a *Bedlam*:
 Most of our first Reformers bad-men,
 And all the House of Commons mad-men:
 That Tallow Cakes are Ambergreese,
 That Sun and Moon are *Cheshire* Cheese;
 And Whiggs, as loyal in Opinions,
 As any of the Kings Dominions.
 This for thy form, now for thy matter,
 Thou rails on some, on others flatter:
 Thy *Medium's* seeming true, yet false are,
 As Turnips growing in the Paltzar;
 Or any other fertile Ground,
 Hollow with Worms, though skin be found:
 Like

Like Apples in the Lake of Sodom,
 Like Beauties clapped in the Bottom,
 Like sower Drink in Silver Tankards,
 Like Golden Pettricoats on Shankers,
 Like bald Heads with Periwigggs,
 Like sweet Powder on frilled Gigggs,
 With aged Ladies now in Fashion,
 When they would play beside the Cushion.
 But who reason in generals,
 Th'argument contentions and Brawls;
 They bring but Bout-gates, and Golinziæ,
 Like Dempster disputing with Menzies.
 Men hardly can scratch others Faces,
 When they are distant twenty paces.
 I'll nearer come thy Thrusts to Parée,
 Whereas thou dost *Argumentare*,
 That Bear-baiting may be made out,
 Without all question and doubt,
 By holy Writ, as lawful as is,
 Lay-elder-Presbyterian Classis.
 Tho' few be clear, how doth the thing go?
 I answer unto the *distinguo*,

For if thou meant by Text exprefs,
 Thou ſpeak'ſt the truth to all confels'd,
 This is our Orthodox Defence
 Presbytery's prov'd by Conſequence.
 It is no Popiſh Superſtition,
 By conſequential Tradition
 To prove an Article of Faith,
 As learned *Polyander* ſaith.
 What have our Doctors eſſe to ſay
 For Pædobaptiſm, or that Day
 Which chang'd was, when the Church ſpoke
 From laſt to firſt day of the Week. *(Greek*
 If thou were put to this Diſtreſs,
 To prove Biſhops by word expreſs,
 Then Oyster-wives might lock their Fiſh up,
 Come to the Streets, and cry, No Biſhop.

Whereas thou doſt affirm and ſay,
 Presbytry-men are Beaſts of Prey
 Who do eſtabliſh Goſpel-order
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder.
 Thy reaſon here both but and ben hales,
 It's not the cauſes, but the mens Faults.

Unto that Sore, I gave this Plaister,
 When I did dispute with my Masters
 To blame a cause, for Persons Vices
 Is one of Satan's main Devices,
 Wherewith he very oft doth make
 Well-meaning men the truth forsake.
 It's not superfluous and vain
 To tell a good Tale ov'r again.

None can deny but these things fell out,
 But the true cause thou dost not smell out ;
 Thy Fallacy consists in this,
 Thou mak'st a cause where no cause is.
 Children are teach'd in the Schools,
 Who reason so, they are but Fools.
 Was never yet a Reformation
 Of Church, in any Age or Nation,
 But still the Devil, to make it vain,
 The outmost of his Wits doth strain :
 He beats all Hell up with a Tabor,
 To make Reformers lose their Labour.
 When first he sees he doth no good
 By Persecution and Blood,

By seeming Sheep, and yet but Goats, or
 By Weeds appearing Wheat and Oats,
 By seeming Diamonds, yet but Glasse,
 By seeming Gold, and yet but Brass,
 By Serpents in appearance Fish,
 By Silver Pottles fill'd with Pish,
 By Saints without, and Fiends within,
 He strives the Cause to undermine :
 As is recorded in the Pages
 Of Stories written in all Ages.
 When Christ appeared, came a *Thudas*,
 And with Saint Peter came a *Judas* ;
 With *Luther*, *Rotman*, * *Knipper-dolings*,
 Who troubled *Munster* with their Foolings.
David Georges, *Johns of Leyden*,
 As is at large describ'd by *Sleyden*.
 When *Calvin* came, then came *Socinians* :
 When *Perkins* came, then came *Arminians* :
 With *Henderson*, and *Cant*, and *Trails*,
 Came some, who whisked *Ladies Tails*.

* *Knipperdolings*, He and *Rotman* were
 John of *Leyden's* Prophets at *Munster*.

Who

Who for such take us, are to blame, as
One would revile *St. Paul* for *Demas*.

And others also came, to wit,
Those Locusts of th'infernal Pit :

Who seem'd at first all Covenant-takers,

But straight turned Anabaptists, Quakers,

† Artemonits, Photinians,

Servetians, Socinians,

Manicheans, Novatians,

Scepticks, and Carpoetrations,

Prochanits, Sabellians,

Setheans, Circumcellians ;

Herodians, Herminians,

Simonians, Arminians,

† *Artemonites*, Here the Author essays to give
a List of the Heresies profess'd by the Seditaries of
England in the time of the Rebellion ; which
indeed was impossible, seeing they reviv'd all the
Errors and Blasphemies that were ever known
since Christianity began : Over and above they
invented new extravagant Opinions of their own :
An Account of this is given in *Edward's Gan-
green*.

Docitheans, Menandrians,
 Eunomeans, Cassandrians,
 Eutichians, Nestorians,
 And Doctor *Henry Morians* ;
 Noetians, and Marcionitæ,
 Gnosticks, and Anthropomorphitæ,
 Gortheans, and Calphurnitans,
 And Mr. *Gilbert Burnetans* ;
 Meletians, and Arrians,
 And Antisabatarians ;
 Helvidians, Cainians,
 Coluthians, Agrippinians ;
 Some Chiliafts, and Lampetians,
 Some prove Melchizedecians,
 Cleëbians, Florinians,
 And some prove Maximinians :
 Abelians, Thebusians,
 Ophitæ, and Pepusians,
 Rhetorians, Quintilianists,
 Circoterists, Priscilianists,
 Encratits, Herimogenians,
 Marians, and Origenians,

Cirinthaans, and Alogians;
 Some half some whole Pelagians,
 Some Antitades, some Montenses;
 Ascites some, some Royatenses,
 Some Donatists, Volesians,
 Some Archonticks, some Aetians,
 And some turn Theodotians;
 Tascodrongits, Nepotians,
 And some Disciples turn'd of Brown,
 Who first infected every Town;
 Doritheans, and Fratricels,
 Some Neilorists with Hood and Bells;
 Some *Transylvanian Trithemists*,
 Who once made drunk with Aquavite:
 With Fists *Alfredus* did belabour,
 And tore the Beard of *Bethlehem Gabor*:
 Some *Adamits*, who as the Speech is,
 Cast off their Petticoats and Breeches:
 Some other Hereticks more gross,
 Describ'd by *Alexander Ross*;
 For which, at present I want time,
 And though I had, I have not Rhime.

That

That thy Bear simile may jump;
 Those were our Tails, that was our Rump;
 Which from our Buttocks being broke off,
 Did all these horrid things you spoke of.
 But if thou still insist to rail,
 Saying we did them with our Tail:
 That Cavil's very quickly put off,
 'Twas with our Tails, when they were cut off;
 If with my cut off Arms and Legs,
 Thou Bishops Noddles Crush like Eggs;
 Not I, late Owner of the same,
 But thou who strikes, must bear the Blame.
 It's true indeed, at the beginning
 We smalled those things were a-spinning,
 But who leads Ladies through the Streets,
 Expecting favour within Sheets,
 Coming to places, fy upon't,
 Where none but one can pass in Front,
 So Barricado'd is the way,
 With emptied Privies, Mire and Clay:
 If they find no clean place to stand on,
 Yet e're their Mistresses they abandon,

Thro'

Thro' Dung they march, like a bold-Fellow,
 Till Shoes and Stockings grow Gold yellow.
 This is our case, if I have Skill, show any
 Make the *Apodosis* who will, the avowant
 The Sum is in the end, we mean well, a la A
 Though means we us'd, cannot sustain well.

Whereas thou sayest, our *Constitutions*,
Church-censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*, the ed of T
 Are several *Mystick Chains* we make, the willed
 To tie poor *Christians* to the *Stake*: or the V V
 And then set *Heaven Officers* the ying the V
 In stead of *Dogs* about their *Ears*: or the V V
 At all thou dost not prove the *Question*, the T
 The which was raised the *Contest* on: the T
 Madness within thy *Brains* hath far got, 2 A
 Proving them *Bears*, thou proves they are not.
 VVhoever yet did see or hear, was seen on V V
 That *Bears* yoke'd *Dogs* upon a *Bear*; the T
 As said thy *Master*, that brave man too, the T
 VVho reason'd better than I can do, the bu A
 If *Synod-Members*, and *Church-wardens*, the H
 Be no *Bears*, *Synods* no *Bear-gardens*: the T
 Are,

Are, as to these is evident, *Sauw,*
 VVho reason can a *Coniugatio,*
 Thus worse than any Man believes,
 Thou proves these two affirmatives :
 And after thou hast crackt so * crouse,
 Thy Mountains do bring forth a Mouse.

VVhereas thou Presbytry dost Conster
 To be th' *Apocalyptick* Monster:
 Likewise to be this very Bear
 VVhich to the Prophet did appear;
 Prefiguring the beastly Rage
 Of Church rule in this latter Age.
 Thou dost interpret Scriptures odly,
 That thou may'st rail upon the Godly:
 A Scripturist thou proves, as he was,
 In whose fool Bonnet-case a Bee was ;
 VVho needs would Presbytry have the Cabal,
 Deciphered of the VVhore of *Babel*;
 The Antichrist which Saints Blood spilled,
 And *Enoch* and *Eli* killed.
 He was so mad, he thought no Shame
 Those very murthered Saints to name,

* Crouse, *Couragious.*

It's

It's sure he either was distracted,
 Or on a Stage the Fool he acted.
 I'm confident, and do believe,
 If these two brave men were alive,
 They would get *Bedlam* for their pains,
 Who hatch such Glosses in their Brains ;
 It's lamentable, many deem
 None love the King, but who blaspheme,
 And still make holy Writ the Scale, on
 Which they take measures for to rail on.
 Presbyterie for the King more stout, as
 Those whom the very Children stout, as
 Champions, who though tongue valiant,
 Yet meeting with a fierce Assailant,
 Though with their tongue they take his part,
 Their Actions are not with a F—t.
 They may well drink his Health in Taverns,
 And speak big-words in Holes and Caverns.
 Devising Stories, Lies, and Fables ;
 Call his most Loyal Subjects Rebels ;
 But when they come to Blows and Knocks,
 They face about, and turn their Docks.

Runs to their Pottle, which they mind most,
Crying, the Devil take the hind-most.

Where thou say'st, *Preachers of our Kirk,
And Pastors, are the handie-work*

*Of mens mechanick Paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling :*

*From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
As men by touch get Itch and Meazels,*

I see not clearly what thou means here,

I think thou Blasphemy sustains here :

This with our Church Monomachie

Ends with a Gigantomachie.

First, having fallen on her out-works,

Or hedge, thy fancy round about works,

Till in the end thou find occasion,

Thinking she can make no evasion :

Then thou with this blasphemous Dart

Thinks for to shoot her thro' the Heart :

Like Malefactor ty'd to Post,

By railing on the Holy Ghost.

The author of *manual Imposition,*

By Text exprefs, and by Tradition,

Thy

Thy own and others Souls deluding,
 By such prophane simillituding,
 No *Porphyre*, *Julian*, or *Celsus*,
 (As all the ancient Stories tell us)
 The Christian Faith blasphem'd, as thou doth,
 And others like thee, not a few doth :
 Who bred, out of the peccant Humours
 Of this our Church, like Weins and Tumors ;
 Like Maggots bred within a Sore,
 Would that which gave them Life devour.
 Thou'lt say, these last four Lines were stolen.
 I answer with that Red-shank fullen,
 Once challenged, for stealing Beef,
 I stole then from another Thief.
 Now since thy Sophistry's confuted,
 I end, to have my Lungs recruited.

When *Ralph* intended to reply,
 His Voice was drowned with a Cry
 Of those, contending who the better
 Had, of the Champions, some the latter,
 Some the first, and some said neither,
 And some affirm'd, they knew not whether.

There was, amongst the rest, a Fellow
 Of swarthy Hue, enclin'd to yellow ;
 His Hide enamelled with Itch was,
 He just splea-footed, like a Witch was :
 He was both broad and tall of person,
 With a long Sword behind his Arse on,
 Which he said was to serve the King ;
 Some think he meant another thing :
 However he was such a Person
 'Twas thought among them all was scarce one,
 Who better understood how things went,
 What Rumps and Presbyteries Designs meant,
 And the Kings too, it's known he
 Had sometime served all the three.
 They all conjured then alone him,
 That he would take the Speech upon him ;
 And finally decide the matter,
 Who had the worst, who had the better :
 Which unto him would be but small Pains,
 Who under all had made no small Gains :
 At which request the *Cacodæmon*
 Upon him took to be *Palemon*.

While

While Advocates of both the Parties
 With earnest and with piercing heart eyes
 Expect his Doom, like *Nero* praying
 For Justice to his Fiddle playing.

It's sport, quoth he, to be Spectators
 To such a pair of Gladiators ;
 To see how they on others thump,
 He the Lay-Elders, he the Rump,
 Others affront with such Disgraces,
 And to throw Dung on others Faces.

When Thieves reckon, it's oft-times known
 That honest People get their own.

By sad Experience found it was, how
 That both these parties, *pari passu*
 Had Ruin brought, and Desolations

On their own, and their neighbours Nations :
 When one the other had ov'come,

And trod all under Foot at home,
 Then they send out their wooden high-towers
 To trouble the repose of Neighbours :

And some times hither, sometimes thither,
 Set *Europe* by the Ears together :

That troubled with their mutual Factions,
 They might not pry into their Actions:
 Which were, as all the World doth ken,
 Abhorred both by God and Men.
 Nought more secureth desperate matters,
 Than fishing doth in troubled Waters.
 By such like Policy and Slight,
 They brought their Power to such a Height,
 That *Denmark*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Spain*,
 And *Sweden* did strive with might and main,
 With humble and submissive Speeches,
 To get the first Kifs of their Breeches.
 They brought upon all such a Terror,
 All seem'd to idolize their Error,
 But thanks to God, and *Albemarle*,
 We now deliver'd are from Peril.

But none to thee, replied the Squire,
 (His Breast so filled was with Ire,
 That's Eyes both sparkled and scintilled,)
 Like Wolf, or Wild-cat, when it's killed.
 It's known thou didst what e're thou could.
 (But yet not so much as thou would)

To make us still under that Peril,
 Which was remov'd by *Albanarle*.
 To prospering King, loyal to wonder,
 Still Traitor to him, when at under.
 When thou, at playing with both Hands,
 Has got Inheritance and Lands,
 Thou takes upon thee now to teach,
 And like a *Fox* to *Lambs* doth Preach,
 That both of us did *Desolations*
 And Ruin bring upon the Nations.
 I answer, both did Mischief bring,
 We by Mistake, they by Design :
 When all is true thou say'st, yet that's but
 Like Monkeys Chesnuts, with a Cats foot
 Pulling from Ashes, or from Embers :
 The Cat for grief of scorched Members,
 Doth fall a fuffing, and meawing,
 While Monkeys are the Chesnuts chewing :
 Yet more by Policy than Force,
 They made our Brethren, *Foot* and *Horse*
 To pull them Chesnuts from the Fire,
 And Wealth and Power to them acquire :

By which they did all *Europe* tosse,
 While we got Infamy and Loss.
 Though I should Teeth beat, like a Tabor,
 With tongue, I fear, I lose my Labour.
 We by experience do find,
 That a proud stubborn, froward Mind,
 With Prejudice intoxicated,
 Can hardly be indoctrinated :
 And yet my Labor's not mispent,
 If any be indifferent,
 They'l find, as Sun doth shine in clear Day,
 That we were only Rogues by hear say,
 But Fools indeed, which we will mend
 When we grow wiser, there's an end.
 But now I straight will to the King,
 Discharge the Message which I bring :
 Perhaps his Majesty will grant,
 If well informed, what we want.
 However, hope, he will not fail
 To hear till I tell out my Tale.
 Tho' others foam, and fret, and chaff,
 I hope his Majesty will laugh.

Having

Having this spoke, his Horse he twitches,
 First on the Snout, then on the Breeches;
 Who half asleep, at last was got
 With much difficulty to trot.
 Yet some times paus'd he in the middle,
 Like those who beat time to a Fiddle;
 With rest alternative, and motion,
 The Squire rides on with great Devotion,
 Till he came to his Journeys end,
 H'alights, and doth not long attend,
 When some there came, who did him bring
 Straight to the Presence of the King;
 Whom he espying, bow'd his Knee,
 And said, if't please your Majesty.

The Sun indifferently on all shines,
 As well on low Shrubs, as on tall Pines:
 God hears the Cries of rich and poor:
 Wise Solomon, to right a Where
 Resolv'd a doubt, to all mens wonder,
 Feigning to cleave the Child asunder.
 Your Majesties Wisdom inherent,
 And Goodness, who are God's Vicegerent,

Will

Will not disdain to hear Complaints
 Of us, though but rejectments.
 Ye'll hear me, Sir, defend our Cause,
 Though it be contrare to the Laws :
 That ye may solve that Gordian Knot,
 If we be Rebels, and if not ;
 If we be Fools, wh'affirms we're neither,
 He is a Liar though my Father.
 I'll use no Speech with Art besprinkled,
 Like Fairding on a Face that's wrinkled :
 Without Rhetoricating Fond shows,
 While I speak, Sir, as't in the ground grows,
 If ye a gracious Ear afford,
 Shame fall me if I lie a Word.

Most men affirm, they do not see what
 We Non-Conformists now would be at :
 That we're more fundred in Opinions,
 Than are the King of Spain's Dominions :
 Than gazers on the late New Star were,
 Than the Commanders at Dunbar were,
 Than Lawyers and Physicians Counsels ;
 Than Wives who Roots & Herbs in Town sells

Canvassing things in Church and State,
 VVhen Drink has set aloft our Pate.

VVhere once w^e agree, three times we squable,
 As doth a Bag-pipe's Base and Treble.

One fears that which another hopes for,
 Like Cardinals, when they make Popes, or
 Like Heirs of Line, or Heirs of Tailzies,
 Or Guild, or Tradesmen making Bailies.
 Now whether these be rants and Flaws.

Devis'd, Sir, to defame our cause;
 Or whether there be something in it,
 Hear out my Tale, now I begin it,
 If I conjecture not amiss,

The marrow of the matter's this.

Some while ago, Sir, I was sent
 Your Majesty to complement,
 To beg some Preachers which we wanted,
 But e're I came, Sir, they were granted:

VVhen all expected thanks most hearty

To you, from all the Godly party;
 I was informed by a Letter,

VVe're grown the Devil a whit the better.

Our

Our old blind Zeal within us still bides,
 We haunt Conventicles on Hill sides,
 Gives to our Preachers Blows and Knocks,
 For which we'r put in Irons and Stocks.
 I wondered what the matter meant,
 I thought, Sir, that the Devil was in't,
 At length I was inform'd of new,
 The Fault was only of a few ;
 Not of us all, and these we ken
 Have ever been *John Thomson's Men*,
 That is, still ruled by their VVives,
 Who carping at some Preachers Lives,
 And reading their erroneous Books,
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox :
 Cried out, Prophanity and Atheism,
 Gross Popery and Arminianism,
 Is brought upon us by the Prelates,
 VVith such Expressions, those Shee-zelots
 VVrought so upon their Husband's Fancy,
 That they from Fever fell to Frenzy,
 Threw at their Preachers Stones and Clods,
 As setters up of other Gods,

As

As Baal, Beelzebub, and Dagon,
The Apocalyptick Whore and Dragon.

Though such proceedings be half-treason,
Yet to inform you there is reason :
If any introduce the Schism
Of Popery, or Arminianism.
That Popes, Sir, are most dangerous things
To Princes, Emperors, and Kings,
They set their Feet upon their Neck,
They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
To hold their Stirrup when they ride
And run like Lacqueys at their side :
They make them bow down mouth and nose,
To kiss, and smell, their sweaty Toes :
Makes them stand bare-foot at their Gates,
And buy their peace at monstrous rates.
They must have from them Power all,
Both spiritual and temporal,
Or they'll hunt men to cut their Throats,
And Blow them up with Powder-Plots ;
As both your Grand-fathers can tell,
Yea, they will curse their Souls to Hell,

And give their Kingdoms to another,
Who pays most to their Bastards Mother.

It's long since for the Holy Ghost

At *Rome Olympia* rul'd the Rest:

Who think the practice far more sweeter

Of *Simon Magus*, than *Simon Peter*.

That I speak truth, Sir, within measure,

Appears by *Don Olympias* Treasure,

The next Successor of *St. Peter*

Thought he could take a course no fitter,

Than part the *Simoniack* Pelf,

And take the one half to himself.

Then said one, tho' a Conclave Brother,

It went from one Thief to another.

Strange ! any Orthodox Divine

Should doubt who is the Man of Sin !

Which questionless they had not done,

If they had read on *Paul* and *John*,

Who paints him in their Prophecies,

As they had seen him with their Eyes.

What e're Divine of your Dominions

Vents to the World such Opinions,

Let

Let them be Gold, let them be Glass,
 A Serpent lurks within the Grass.
 'Tis thought the Earl of *Wiltshire's* Spaniel
 Knew Antichrist, foretold by *Daniel*,
 And *Paul* and *John* better than they
 Who study Scripture every day.
 When that the Pope held out his Foot
 For to be kissed round about,
 Wond'ring to see the Carle so vain,
 He snatch'd it till he piss'd again.
 Thus much of those erroneous Books,
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox.

Next, Sir, as for those Preachers lives,
 So much cried out on by our Wives,
 All the account that I can give on't
 Is, that my * *Minnie* hath the lave on't.
 I wish them keep a sober Diet,
 Or, if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet :
 If openly they haunt the Brewers,
 We'll not secure them from Stone throwers,
 We cannot help it for our Life,
 Sir, who can rule a Lawless Wife?

To make a wilful Wife her Fits mend,
 Would put your self, Sir, to your wits end.
 Tho' they cause whip 'em thro' the Town,
 Tho' they 'em hang, tho' they 'em drown,
 Seeing Priests drunk at third Bell ringing,
 They'l up with Stones, and fall a flinging.

And thus, Sir, I have shew'd you how
 The Fault is only of a few,
 And not of all, and their Defence
 Is, that they follow Conscience :
 If it be so, by Bishops leaves,
 They cannot well be called Knaves :
 What e're they be, it may be said,
 Knaves never yet a Conscience had.
 And that a greater slander refels,
 If they be no Knaves, they'r no Rebels :
 I doub* any Logician can
 A Rebel prove an honest man.
 What are they then ? we need n'advise,
 They'r poor folks, large as * daft as wise
 If they be such, and wish you well,
 As others of their Actions tell,

* Daft, Foolish.

When

When in the *English* Troupers Faces
 They you remembred in their Graces.
 That there may be a solid Peace,
 Remove the cause, the'ffect will cease.
 Take notice of those whimsy Books,
 Which in effect are heterodox.
 If once those Preachers mend their Lives,
 There will be no Stone-throwing Wives.
 Forbid them scandalize the Leidges,
 By drinking Healths to Ports and Bridges,
 To Whore of *Babel*, and to Giggs,
 And to invent Complaints of Whiggs,
 To scratch their Skin, cut Caps and Cloaths,
 And swear't was Whiggs, with monstrous oaths.
 But see misfortune and Mishap,
 For scratch of Skin, and cut of Cap
 Examined to strictest Rigours,
 Had different Geometrick Figures.
 Though Cap was hither mov'd and thither,
 The Wounds could ne're agree together.
 Such scandal makes the Gospel sink,
 Such Books and Priests remov'd, I think

We'll keep the nine and twenty *May-day*,
 On Thursday, Saturday, or Friday,
 On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Munday,
 Or any other day but Sunday.

Yea, Sir, when ye have ought adoe,
 To hazard Lives and Fortunes too.

We will be ready at your Call,

Else Plague of God upon us all.

Observing how they all espied him,
 Chiefly how all the Ladies ey'd him ;
 Was none among them all so coy,
 Whom he had not made laugh for Joy :
 Believing, of them there was scarce one
 That honoured not his Parts and Person.
 His ears begins to prick, and neigh too,
 Just like a Stone-Horse in a Meadow :
 Yet curbing, as he could, his Passion,
 Till he should better learn the Fashion :
 He made a Congee, and got him down,
 To see the rar'ties of the Town.

How he did visit *Bedlam* Fool-men,
 And disputed with *Gresham* School-men :

Discoursing of their * Pigs and Whistles,
 And strange experiments of *Muscles*,
 Of *Resurrections* of *Ratts*,
 And of the Language us'd by *Catts*,
 When in the Night they go a † Cating,
 And fall a scolding and a prating:
 Of their Blood *borrowing* and *lending*,¹
 And all the Ancients Wisdom mending;
 Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
 When I want Money and get Rhime.
 I have no leisure for it now
 Let it suffice, to tell you how,
 That going home-wards near to *Highbury*,
 His Muse had on her such a gay foot,
 That seeing *London* flee his View,
 He stands, and bids it thus, *Adieu*.

* Pigs and VWhistles, *Gimcracks*.

† Cating, *Caterwauling*.

From hard Calamities of Wars,

And Ruins caus'd by Fire,

A noble Work thou dost arise,

Like *Phanix* from it's Sire.

How stately Buildings thee adorn,

And Towers which smite the Sky,

Whose Bells do by their Melody

Apollo's Harp out-vy.

More famous, skilful Artisans,

The World never had:

Thy Merchants worth Nobilitates,

The VVealth he gets by Trade.

Thy Bishop's Zeal and Piety,

Up through the Heavens doth flee;

Thy Magistrates who thee govern,

Might *Roman* Consuls be.

Immortal Vertues Eloquence,

And deep insight of Mind;

Thy Muses, those of *Pallas* Town

Are not a Jot behind.

And as the Sun unto the World

Communicates his Light;

So by thy Kings resplendant Beams,
 Brave Town, thou shines so bright.
 So *Rome* arose, after the *Gauls*
 Had it destroy'd by Flame,
 Till in the end, the Worlds bounds
 And *Romes* did prove the same.
 London, that Path by thee begun,
 If thou insist upon,
 Strange, if the Worlds Empire and shine
 In end prove not the same.
 But now, thy Buildings flee my Sight,
 Thy Towers go out of view,
 I bid thee then, with weeping Eyes,
 Most generous Town, *Adieu*.

The same in Latin.

*Post diras Belli clades, flammæque ruinas,
 è cinere ut Phoenix nobile surgis opus.
 Quam decorant Aedes, ferientes sidera turre
 pulvisbus, abjectâ cessit Apollo Lyrâ :
 Artifices clari majore & acumine nusquam,
 mercator meritis nobilitavit opes ;*

Prasulis insignis Pietas perfregit Olympum;

Consulibus potuit Roma vetusta Regi;

*Moribus, eloquio, mentisq; indagine, Musis
attica non major docta Camæna tuis:*

*Ut Phæbus mundum perfundit lumine, Regis
sic splendes radiis Urbs generosa tui.*

*Gallica sic crevit post dira Incendia Roma;
tandem idem limes orbis & urbis erat:*

*Londinum incepto si pergas tramite mirum;
imperium fuerit ni orbis & urbis idem.*

*Nunc Ædes visum fugiunt, subsidere Turres
aspicio lacrimans; urbs generosa, Vale.*

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